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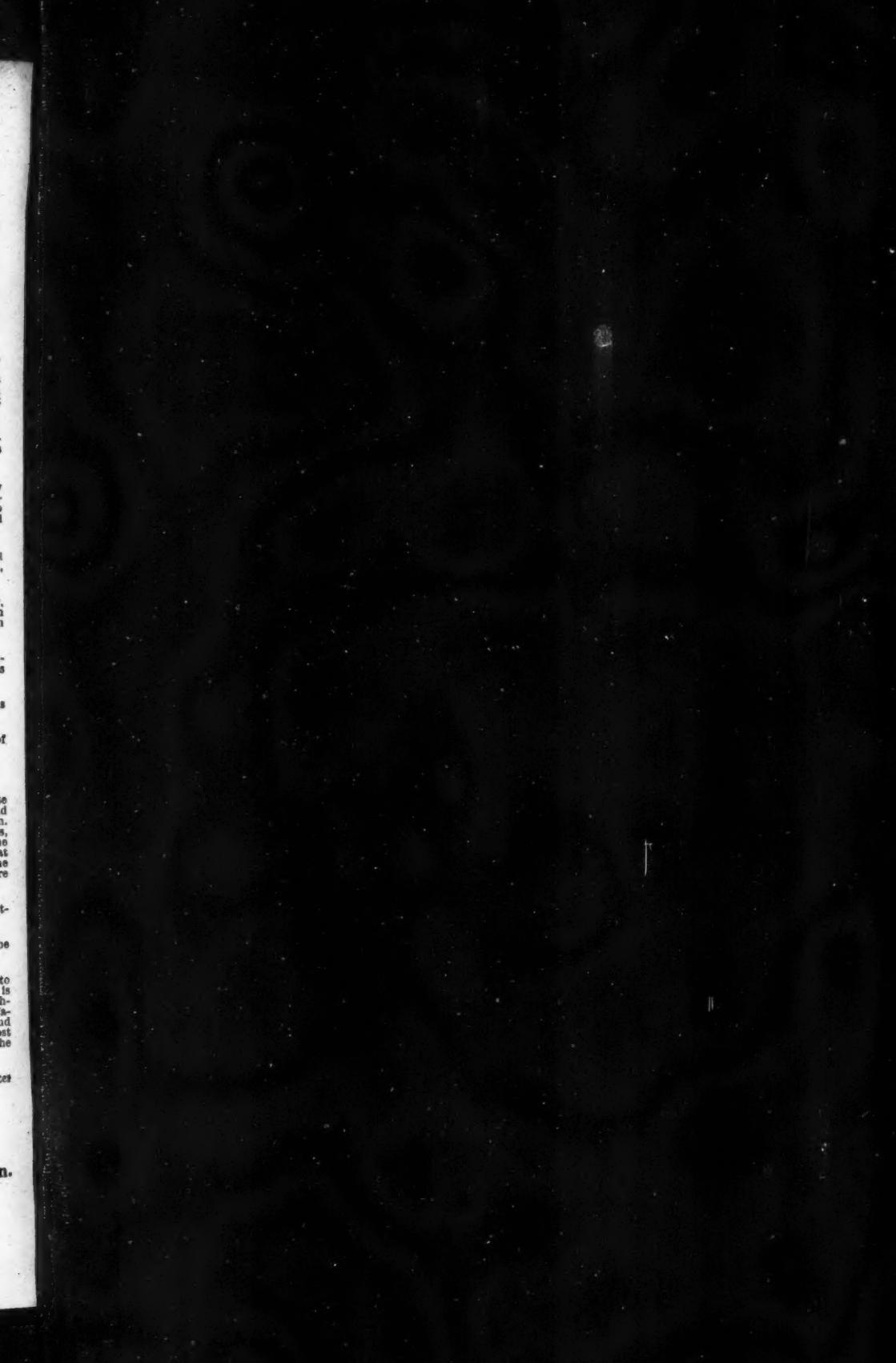
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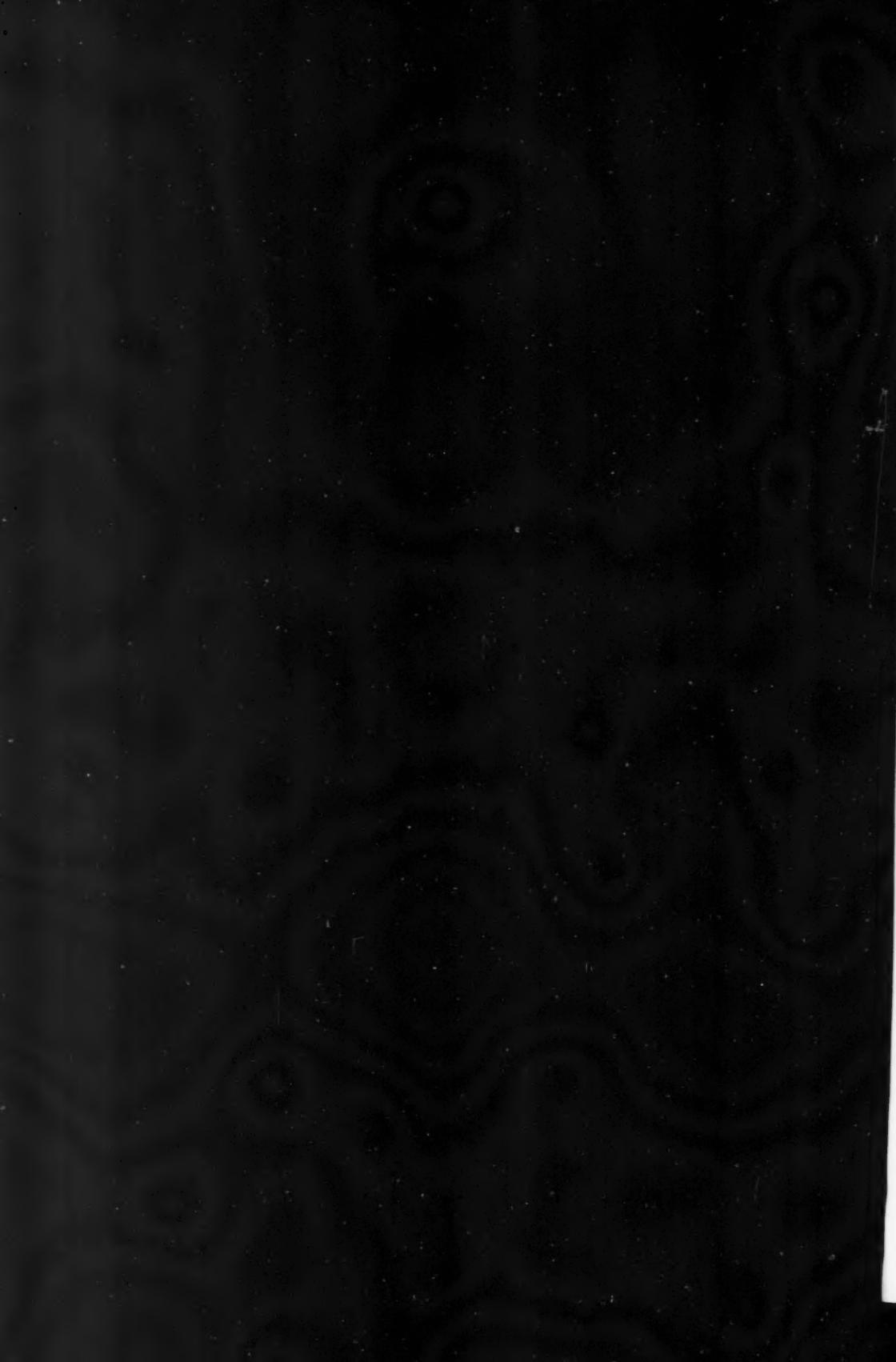
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ADDRESS

LITTELL & CO., 31 Bedford Street, Boston.





LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume LXII.

No. 2291.—May 26, 1888.

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Vol. CLXXVII.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

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SALVE, CAPUT CRUENTATUM, ETC.

[NOTE.—The original of this hymn is by St. Bernard of Clairvaux. I have attempted to preserve something of its rhymes and rhythm. Regarding the rhythm, I may mention here that the late Rev. Hugh Pearson, Canon of Windsor, once told me that Lord Tennyson had remarked to him upon the peculiar impressiveness of the change from trochaic to iambic measure in the fifth and tenth lines of each stanza. Paul Gerhard based his German hymn, "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden" (part of which was sung at the funeral of Kaiser Wilhelm), on the Latin; and this German version has been followed with more or less exactness by English translators. But St. Bernard's metrical system has not hitherto, so far as I am aware, been imitated in any transcript from the original.—J. A. S.]

SALVE, CAPUT CRUENTATUM.

HAIL to thee, thou head of mourning,
Crowned with thorns for pain and scorning;
Mocked and bleeding, broken, wounded,
Spat upon, by foes surrounded;
Bruised with the rod's indignity!
Hail to thee, from whose resplendent
Face hath fled the light transcendent!
Lo, thy splendor paling, pining!
Thou, before whose awful shining
Heaven's cohorts quake and bow the knee!

All thy strength, thy bloom, have faded:
Who hath thus thy state degraded?
Death upon thy brow is written;
See the wan, worn limbs, the smitten
Breast hanging on the cruel tree!
Thus despised, thus desecrated,
Thus in dying desolated,
Slain for me of sinners vilest,
Loving Lord, on me thou smilest;
Shine forth, bright face, and strengthen me!

In thy passion do not scorn me,
Gentle Shepherd, who hast borne me;
From whose mouth I drank the healing
Draught of milk and honey, stealing
Far sweeter than all sweets that be!
I have sinned; yet do not spurn me!
From thy side thou shalt not turn me!
While death's shades are round thee closing,
Lean upon my breast, reposing
Here in my arms, thy head on me!

Oh, to share with thee the anguish
Of thy cross, with thee to languish,
In thy sacred wounds to hide me!
From thy cross do not divide me!
Down at its foot I'll die with thee!
To thy bitter death and tender,
Dearest Lord, these thanks I render;
Jesus, mild and piteous, hear me,
Hear thy servant's prayer, be near me,
Lest death without thee fall on me!

When the word goes forth for dying,
Listen to my lonely crying:
In death's dreadful hour delay not;
Jesus, come, be swift and stay not;
Protect me, save, and set me free!
When by thee my soul is bidden,
Let not then thy face be hidden!
Lover, whom 'tis life to cherish,
Shine, and leave me not to perish!
Bend from thy cross and succor me!
Spectator. JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

THE QUIET STREAM.

SEVEN miles I drove to find a stream
That leaped its rocks among;
But I found only one that made
A little lulling song.

O'er the pebbly shallows soft it ran,
And in its quiet breast,
The fresh-born beechen leaves of May
Were mirrored and at rest.

Among its little island stones
The water birds were gay,
And all the trees along the banks
Bent down to see it play.

And I remember her whose life,
So many years ago,
Beside my restless heart was wont
In quietude to flow.

Her voice was even, and her soul
Reflected love, and where
She moved in grace, the hearts of all
Bent down to look at her.

Oh happy hour in which I thought
Of one so sweet and wise;
And blessed be the stream that made
Her memory arise.

STOPFORD BROOKE.

SPRING IS NOT DEAD.

I.

SNOW on the earth, though March is well-nigh
over;
Ice on the flood:
Fingers of frost, where late the hawthorn
cover
Burgeoned with bud!
Yet in the drift the patient primrose hiding,
Yet in the stream the glittering troutlet glid-
ing,
Yet from the root the sap still upward spring-
ing,
Yet overhead one faithful skylark singing,
"Spring is not dead."

II.

Brows fringed with white, the furrowed brows
of sorrow,
Cheeks pale with care,
Pulses of pain that throb from night to mor-
row,
Hearts of despair!
Oh! yet take comfort, still your joy ap-
proaches;
Dark is the hour that on the dawn encroaches;
April's own smile shall yet succeed your sigh-
ing,
April's own song from every copse come cry-
ing,
"Spring is not dead."
Spectator. ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

From The Quarterly Review.
KASPAR HAUSER.*

THERE are certain mysterious incidents in history which may be said to undergo periodical occultations; they appear, they vanish, and they appear again; renewing investigation, refreshing interest, and yet destined to relapse into obscurity. Of such a kind was the story of the "man with the iron mask" in the seventeenth century, and of such a kind was the strangest of all stories of our day — that of Kaspar Hauser. We say justly of our day, for there must be some still living who remember the individual himself; although the greater number of this generation have probably never heard of him. This story has been brought forward again by recent works; it is time therefore to ascertain how far the lapse of time has, or has not, contributed to clear away the mystery in which it has been enveloped. If the narrative transmitted to us can be proved to be true, it represents certainly one of the most extraordinary cases that ever occurred; or if proved not to be true, one of the boldest of impostures. We will endeavor to present both aspects as impartially as may be. Unfortunately there is much to regret, in the confused style in which it is related by the one class of witnesses, and in the sceptical tone with which it is referred to by the other.

The scene opened in the old town of Nuremberg on the afternoon of Whitsunday, the 26th of May, 1828, when a shoemaker, who lived in an unfrequented part of the town, perceived a young lad not far from him standing against a wall in a constrained attitude, apparently like an intoxicated person unable to control the movement of his limbs. On approaching him, the lad held out a letter directed to

the captain of the 4th Squadron of Light Horse in Nuremberg. At the same time he kept repeating some unintelligible words, or rather sounds, accompanied with moans and tears, and signs of the greatest distress. These words, which were repeated so often in the first days of his life in Nuremberg as to be known by heart by many, are printed in German as follows: "*Reuta wâhn*," or sometimes, "*I möcht a Reuta wâhn wie mei Votta wâhn ist*" (I wish to become a rider, or trooper, as my father was); also, "*Woas nit*" (I don't know); and, "*Ross ham*" (Horse at home). He is stated to have known about fifty sounds — those only that we have given being understood, — and to have repeated them without any sense of their meaning. The captain, to whom the letter was addressed, lived close at hand. The worthy citizen assisted the stranger, who was ready to sink with exhaustion, to reach the house. Fatigue and hunger were written in his face. They brought him meat, which he put in his mouth, but spat out again immediately with signs of disgust. For wine and beer he showed the same aversion, but being offered bread and water, he ate and drank eagerly. The officer in question was not at home; and the servant, not knowing what to do with the strange and suffering apparition, took him to the stable, where he sank down on some straw in a deep sleep.

As immediate instances of the inaccuracy and confusion with which this strange incident was greeted, may be cited two different versions of the letter to the captain, both dated "from a place near the Bavarian frontier which shall be nameless, 1828." The writer declared himself to be a poor day-laborer with ten children of his own, and stated that the lad's mother had left him as a child at his house on October 7th, 1812, but that he had never been able to discover who she was, and added that the lad wished to enter the army and the same regiment where his father had served; and that he had been taught to read and write. But the letter was ill-spelt, and marked by vulgar and brutal rhodomontade, evidently intended to mislead. According to one version it concluded thus: "If you do not want to keep

* 1. *Kaspar Hauser, nicht unwahrscheinlich ein Betrüger.* Berlin, 1830.

2. *Caspar Hauser. Beispiel eines Verbrechens,* 1832.

3. *Materialien zur Geschichte Kaspar Hausers, von dem Grafen Stankope.* Heidelberg, 1835.

4. *Enthüllungen über Kaspar Hauser,* 1858.

5. *Kaspar Hauser, seine Lebensgeschichte.* Von Koib, 1883.

6. *Kaspar Hauser, neugeschichtliche Legende.* Von Linde, 1887.

him, you may kill him, or hang him up the chimney." According to the other : " If you do not want to keep him, you may put him into a lottery, or get rid of him in any way you please." All this was written in German, and in German characters. There was a note enclosed in the Latin character, still worse written and spelt, but evidently by the same hand and of the same time : " The child is already baptized. You must give him a sirname yourself. You must educate him. His father was one of the Light Horse. When he is seventeen years old send him to Nuremberg to the regiment of Light Horse, for there his father was. I ask for his education until he is seventeen. He was born the 30th April, 1812. I am a poor girl, and cannot support him." It is easy to perceive the counterfeit character of these notes. On the captain's return to his house he could furnish no clue to the letter, no key to the strange sounds, and throw no light on his unexpected inmate. The poor creature was therefore, with difficulty, roused from his sleep, and dragged, with many a tear and groan, to the police-office. When there, he was of course asked the usual questions — what was his name, what his business, and where his passport? He continued to utter the same sounds, though not in the sense of an answer, for he evidently knew not what question and answer meant. And the police as little knew to what class to assign him, whether to that of idiot, madman, savage, or impostor. This last conjecture received at least temporary confirmation from the following circumstance. Not understanding a word he said, and bethinking themselves to try whether he could write, they handed him pen and ink, and laid a piece of paper before him ; on which, to the astonishment of all present, he wrote in legible characters the name "*Kaspar Hauser*." His name being thus given, he was desired to add that of the place whence he came. This produced only a repetition of the same "*Reuta wähn*," etc. And, as nothing could be made of the strange being, he was led with help, groaning and tottering, to the tower of the Vestner Gate, used as a place of confinement for rogues and

vagabonds, and locked in a cell with another prisoner, where he immediately fell asleep. It may here be added that the very name of Kaspar Hauser, which took the police so much by surprise, appears to have been in keeping with the tone of odious derision which renders this tale so peculiarly revolting. For his German biographers interpret the name of " Hauser " to mean one kept always indoors. But that he had received, as stated in the letter, some teaching in writing, was beyond doubt. On the first days of his incarceration the gaoler gave him pencil and paper to amuse him. Kaspar eagerly seized both, placed the paper on a bench, began to write, and continued to do so, without allowing himself to be disturbed, till he had filled the sheet on all four sides. The appearance of this sheet, which is preserved with other documents, is much the same as if he had had a child's first copybook before him.

We may describe him more closely now. On his first appearance in Nuremberg, Kaspar Hauser was four feet nine inches in height, and apparently seventeen years old — the first down being already seen on his lip — his wisdom teeth still wanting. His face was devoid of all meaning, except that of a brutish obtuseness ; though, when anything pleased him, a sweet expression flitted over it, like the smile of a baby. There was also a perceptible difference between the two sides of the face. The left side was drawn somewhat awry, and frequently distorted by convulsive spasms. On both arms was the scar of inoculation. His hair was light and curling. He was stout and broad-shouldered, without any bodily defect, except a recently inflicted small wound on one arm ; his limbs delicately formed ; his hands small and well shaped ; his feet the same, though freshly blistered all over ; but the soles as soft as the palm of a lady's hand, or as his own, which had evidently never touched anything harder than each other. His dress was of a miscellaneous kind — old things, and coarse and ill-fitting — in some respects like the costume of the peasantry ; in others like that of the dwellers in towns. His round felt hat had an engraving of Munich, half scratched out,

inside. Round his neck was a checked red handkerchief, marked in red thread, "K. H." In a pocket was a rosary, a key, a paper of gold sand, and a number of printed German prayers and tracts. No proper importance was attached by the police to these forms of circumstantial evidence; some of which were thrown away. This extraordinary being noticed nothing, recognized nothing; common objects and daily occurrences passed before him without attracting more observation than from a child of a year old. But, like a child, he grasped at glittering, shining objects, and cried when he found them out of his reach. Like a child, too, on first seeing a lighted splinter—the form of a candle apparently then in use—he was so delighted that he put his hand into the flame, and then cried with the pain. Also, when first a looking-glass was held before him, he looked behind it to see who was concealed.

His first days, in what was evidently a new world to him, were not calculated to throw any light on his antecedents. For all Nuremberg flocked together to the guard-house to gaze at the curious being who had dropped apparently from the clouds; and steps that ought to have been at once taken, and depositions that ought to have been at once collected, were neglected in the gratification of vulgar wonder and curiosity. He had fallen in one sense among good Samaritans, but there is no denying that, at that time at least, Nuremberg represented an actual and living Krähwinkel, and her citizens the characters in Kotzebue's "*Kleine Städte*." When an attempt was at length made to report the strange event with some precision, the official documents show the proceedings of the police to have been so irregular, and the depositions of the witnesses so contradictory, that beyond the undeniable facts, conveyed unconsciously by the poor passive chief witness himself, little that is trustworthy can be gathered. We have therefore only to record those facts as plainly as we can.

It has been said that Kaspar Hauser's person bore no sign of any defect; but it is equally true that it bore unmistakable indications of a peculiar condition and

habit continued for years. From the conformation of his lower limbs it appeared that his life had hitherto been passed in a seated posture—his legs stretched out before him on the ground, at right angles with his body. The knees accordingly exhibited a marked deviation from the usual form. Under a normal condition, the patella or knee-pan, when the leg is extended, shows a slight projection—with Kaspar Hauser it lay in a considerable hollow. When seated in his habitual position, with thigh and leg stretched horizontally before him, the knee-joint lay so close to the floor that a common card could hardly be thrust under the hamstring. It was evident also that he had been confined for years in a place where he had neither had room to stand upright, to lie at full length, nor even to creep and crawl as a strong child instinctively does. Here was a human being, therefore, who could neither walk nor speak like other men, whose eyes could not bear the light, who had hitherto eaten nothing but bread and water, and who was not less than from sixteen to seventeen years of age! What a dark tale was outlined here for the human moralist! What a curious psychological subject offered to the scientist and moral philosopher! What a sore problem for the tender and humane!

Those who had the charge of him soon became convinced that, though utterly devoid of all that knowledge which the merest child intuitively imbibes from contact with its fellows, the senses of this unfortunate being were endowed with a preternatural acuteness. His eyes suffered from the light, and became much inflamed; but at the same time no darkness existed for him. In the night he moved about with perfect confidence and security, seeing even more clearly than in the full day. His hearing was equally sensitive. He heard footsteps at distances impossible to one in a normal condition. They also discovered that of all his senses that of smell was the most abnormal. The scent of flowers, even of the rose, was insupportable to him, and never ceased to be so. A walk or drive which took him near gardens or fields was a sort of martyrdom. Nor was it only the scent of flowers which

acted on him. He could distinguish the apple, pear, and plum-tree by the smell of their leaves; he was, indeed, incommoded by smells imperceptible to any one else; the paint on walls and the dye of clothes gave him pain; the smell of raw meat was intolerable to him; while the effluvia from a churchyard, not in the least perceptible to one walking with him, threw him into a state of convulsion. It was to be expected that a being, still retaining such untempered conditions of sense, would be equally over-susceptible to magnetic influences. This became apparent before he left the prison, when a little toy with an iron front was given him, accompanied by a small magnet, by which it was made to move in any direction in a basin of water. On taking up this magnet Kaspar Hauser was disagreeably affected, and made signs that he felt pain. This induced a gentleman to observe carefully further effects. Accordingly, on holding the north pole towards him, Kaspar showed by his actions that he felt himself drawn, as if by a current of air, in an outward direction; while, if the position of the magnet was reversed, the current of air seemed to blow towards him; and, though the experiment was often repeated and varied, he never made a mistake. Such experiments, however, could not be continued without his feeling distressed, and breaking out into profuse perspiration. Nor did he ever err in distinguishing blindfold one metal from another by the difference of sensation and strength of attraction. Even — so the tale goes — when a needle lay, unknown to all, under a heap of blankets, the feeling of being blown upon, which he always expressed, enabled him to detect it. At the same time the veins of the hand most exposed to the metallic influence swelled visibly.

Among the few intelligible words in his small vocabulary that of *Ross* — the German equivalent for our steed — was most frequently repeated, sometimes in accents of entreaty, with tears in his eyes, as if begging to have a horse. Whenever also any trumpery was given him, such as bits of ribbon, a tin toy, or coin, he cried "*Ross! Ross!*" and showed by his actions that he wanted to hang them on something. It was not difficult to procure toys in a city which is their very home, and, as he at first spent his days seated on the floor in the guardroom, one of the soldiers hit on the idea of giving him a wooden horse upon wheels. From that moment a change came over the poor creature. With a countenance beaming through

tears, he took the horse to his side, stroking and caressing it, and then proceeded to hang upon it all the glittering and tinkling trifles which the kindness of his visitors had brought him. For hours together he continued thus employed; too much absorbed to observe anything that went on round him. More toy horses were soon added, serving to multiply his occupation, but never to vary it. For day after day found him in the same position on the floor, decorating and undecorating his stud with untiring patience, and wheeling them backwards and forwards, though always as noiselessly as he could; for he explained later that, if the wheels made a noise, he should be beaten. This accounted for the wound on his arm when he first appeared; his keeper, or "the man," as he called him, having struck him for making too much noise.

Thus far we have endeavored to describe the picture he presented, both in mind and body, to the wondering gossips of Nuremberg. This condition gradually changed with the changed conditions around him, but the first teachings he received did not run smooth. Surrounded at all hours of the day by a number of visitors intent only on gratifying the idle curiosity, it is no wonder that the gentle and orderly system, which nature and common sense would have prescribed towards such a phenomenon, was neglected. Here apparently was a forlorn human creature, whose mind was literally that sheet of white paper, which, in other cases, serves only as a figure of speech. Left at first to the sport of the ignorant and mischievous, it was soon scrawled over with heterogeneous rubbish, worse than useless to it, while the torpor and want of practice, which seemed to envelop his senses, as well as his mind, rendered him the victim of the most unseemly tricks. One person stuffed snuff up his nostrils — another put a pipe in his mouth — a third forced raw brandy upon him, which acted like a kind of poison. His eyes seemed to notice no object in room or landscape, and his ears at first took no note of the ringing of bells or striking of clocks. Feigned cuts and thrusts were accordingly made at him, with a naked sword, without his blinking or showing the slightest fear; while to test his hearing a simpleton discharged a pistol full at him. We do not learn the effect of that; but on the occasion of a military parade, soon after his appearance on the Nuremberg stage, when he was placed close to the great regimental drum, the first blows

on it threw him into convulsions. Nor was he more wisely treated by teachers of a higher class. With that want of practical sense with which, rightly or wrongly, the good Germans are credited, his volunteer tutors, both lay and clerical, set about their tasks in a strangely topsy-turvy fashion. The masters, who professed to teach him to speak, began by dissertations on the formation of language; while the pastors, who sought to teach him religion, started by such abstruse principles as that God had neither form nor substance, and that he had created all things out of nothing.

But if in certain respects utterly dull to outward impressions, there were signs from the first of more than average intelligence, which, though not to be hurried, was always latently there. At the same time his feeble and undeveloped brain seemed unequal to any exertion. The attention evoked by a new word or thing would immediately arouse the spasms of which we have spoken, and these would be followed by a kind of nervous rigidity; he would then stand motionless, his eyes wide open, without winking, deaf, dumb, and blind to all external impressions, while evidently going through the laborious exercise of the new faculty of thought. All this proved too much for the weak and untried nerves; he lost strength, was continually in tears, and puzzled the doctors how to treat a patient who refused everything but bread and water.

The only relief to the narrative of monotonous folly, with which he was at first treated, is furnished by the account of the gaoler, Herr Hiltel, a plain and sensible man. After observing him quietly for a few days, he became convinced that there was no idiocy, or any neglect of nature in the case; but that in some diabolical way he had been denied all those means by which the human mind is appointed to learn, to reason, and to grow. He bears witness that, during the early time of his abode in the prison, the poor lad's conduct was, in artlessness and innocence, precisely that of a little child. After the fifth day he removed him from the upper and more strictly kept part of the tower to the lower story; placing him where all his movements could be observed without his knowledge. But it was always the same childish and childlike being; absorbed in his horses and other playthings. In other respects too the same perfect innocence was evinced. This was seen in one particular and pathetic fact, for, on the gaoler and his wife un-

dressing him for the purpose of ablution, his demeanor was exactly that of a little child — natural and unconscious — not knowing that he was naked. The gaoler was his best friend; he could not protect him from the host of visitors, but he admitted him to his own humble table, where, although not able to partake of the food, he learned to sit upon a chair, and to use his hands like a human being. He also allowed his own son and little daughter to be much with him. The boy helped him to speak, and taught him his letters far more successfully than his older masters; the little girl showed him how to string beads, which delighted him for a time. His next occupation was to decorate the walls of his little cell with the small colored prints which his visitors brought him; pasting them on with his own saliva, which — a fact for the pathologist to solve — was of the consistency of glue.

Kaspar Hauser had also another friend in the person of Herr Binder, the burgomaster. Though far from grasping the exceptional nature of the apparent case, he soon saw that the common forms of official business did not apply to it. He directed him to be frequently brought to his house, when, as far as the lad's growing capacity and vocabulary admitted, he questioned him as to the facts of his life. From frequent repetitions of these interrogations, Herr Binder extracted, or thought he extracted, the materials of a statement, which, in July, 1828, was formally issued to the citizens of Nuremberg in the form of an official promulgation. It was to this effect: —

He neither knows who he is, nor where he was born. It was only at Nuremberg that he came into the world, and knew that there were other men in it beside "the man," who was his keeper, and himself. As long as he can recollect he had always been in a hole, or small place which he sometimes calls a cage — always seated on the ground, with bare feet, and a shirt and pair of trousers for all clothing. In this place he never heard a sound, nor saw real daylight. He slept much, and when he woke always found a loaf of bread, and a vessel of water at his side. In winter the place was heated by a small stove, like a beehive. Sometimes the water had a bad taste, what he afterwards knew to be the taste of laudanum; and when this was the case he fell asleep again, not being able to keep his eyes open. And on waking he found that he had on what he now knows to be a clean

shirt, and that his nails had been cut, and his hair trimmed. In his hole he had two wooden horses, and several ribbons. Upon the whole he had been much happier there than in the world where he had so much to suffer. How long he had been shut up he knows not, as he had no knowledge of time. That the man did him no harm; except one day when he had been running his horses too hard, when he struck him on the arm with a stick, causing the wound alluded to. About this time also the man came into his hole, placed a small table over his feet, and spread something on it which he afterwards knew to be paper. He then came behind him and guided his hand backwards and forwards on the paper with something he had put between his fingers. He, Kaspar, was greatly pleased with the dark figures which appeared on the white paper, and was never tired of repeating them. The man renewed these visits often. Also another time he came again, lifted him from the place where he lay, and endeavored to teach him how to stand and walk. This was done thus. He came behind and seized him round the body, placed his feet behind Kaspar's feet, and lifted them forward in steps. The last time he came, he stood before him with his back turned, lifted Kaspar's hands over his shoulders, tied them fast in front, and carried him on his back out of the hole. He was carried either up or down a hill; he knows not which, by which it appears he meant a flight of stairs. The man took much trouble to teach him to walk, which always gave him great pain. The putting on of his boots caused him much suffering. The man made him sit on the ground, seized him from behind, drew his feet up, and forced them into the boots, after which they proceeded more miserably than ever. The clothes he wore were put on him not long before he was seen at Nuremberg. He neither perceived nor remarked any objects around him, nor could he tell in what direction and from what part of the country they had come, nor how long they were on the way. All he knew was that the man, who had been leading him, put the letter into his hand and then vanished.

This may be considered the sum total of what Kaspar Hauser could remember of his life. Glimmerings of a bygone time, affording much speculation to those about him, came out later, but led to nothing.

About seven weeks after his first appearance in Nuremberg the young lad was

released from his abode in the prison, and formally committed to the care of Professor Daumer, a schoolmaster, who resided in the town. At the same time the magistrates issued an advertisement announcing the fact, that they had given the charge of the homeless Kaspar Hauser to a well-qualified instructor, and that in future the public would be refused admission to him. At Professor Daumer's house he was for the first time furnished with a bed, which greatly pleased him. He often said, that his bed was the only pleasant thing he had found in a world where everything gave him pain. The process of assuming the faculties of life seems to have been, mentally and physically, as painful to him as that of resuming them is to one recovering from drowning. That restless pain and pleasure of existence, for which children are gradually trained, had to be suddenly and consciously acquired, as by one born out of due time. In Mr. Daumer's family he acquired the art of speech far more rapidly, and it may be considered significant of the unvarying laws of nature, that, exceptional as were the age and other conditions of the learner, the process was the same as if he had been two or three years old instead of seventeen. A child always begins by using the third person. It is "Bobby" who wants such a thing, not "I." It was the same with this old child. "Kaspar very well;" nor did he understand being addressed as "you." His friends had to say, "How is Kaspar?" Like a child also, the question "Why?" was incessantly repeated. We are told that it required immense patience to teach him things which appear matters of course to us; such as the difference between animate and inanimate objects; between voluntary movement and that which is communicated from without. He thought that the picture or image of a man must feel like a man, that the great crucifix on the St. Sebaldus Church must be suffering dreadful pain, and he entreated to have it taken down. He thought that the balls of the ninepin alley ran their course voluntarily; that they hurt the other balls when they knocked against them; and that when they stopped they were tired. To animals he for long ascribed the same properties as to men; appearing to distinguish them only by the difference of external form. He was angry with a cat for taking its food only with its mouth, and not using its paws as he did his hands. If it was replied that such things could not be expected from animals, his answer was immediately ready, that they ought to

learn, as he had been obliged to learn. But one thing in which he differed from a child was his habit of intense attention when taught or shown anything. The poor lad seemed quickly to realize that he had no time to lose, and evidently never compared himself in this respect with real children, but with persons of his own size and age. Nor did he ever show the shyness of a child. Though his importunate visitors tired and interrupted him, yet they inspired him with no timidity, and, unless required, he took no notice of them.

The thirst for knowledge and the inflexible perseverance with which he concentrated his attention on anything he determined to learn, were such, we are told, as only those can conceive who witnessed it. This eagerness to recover that of which he had been defrauded was truly affecting; and after a while, the thought never seemed absent from him.

One of Professor Daumer's most difficult tasks was to induce him to take other food than that of bread only. It was stated at first that while in the tower he had eaten the prison common fare, consisting partly of meat; but it came out afterwards that the prisoner in the same cell with him—a butcher's boy—had willingly dispatched what Kaspar had left untouched. This change could only be carried out with great caution. The bread he had hitherto lived upon was made of rye—that black bread to which in Germany the term "bread" is alone applied. An accident discovered that it had been spiced with caraway seeds and fennel; again affording a slight clue to the past. In due time he took to various forms of *Mehl Speisen*, or flour food, and by degrees even the aversion to meat was overcome. Professor Daumer has recorded that, after Kaspar had learned to eat some meat, his mental activity diminished, and his ardent application declined. This he attributed to the effect of animal food. It is far more probable that other causes intervened, and that the sudden growth of two inches within a few weeks accounted for the slackening of mental power.

Of the beauties of nature, and generally speaking of the works of God, he had of course no comprehension; nor did they interest him otherwise than by exciting the invariable question, "Who made those things?" On seeing a rainbow for the first time it gave him momentary pleasure, but soon the reiterated question "Who made it?" interested him more than the rainbow itself.

It was while under the shelter of a kind, domestic home, that the consciousness of his unhappy fate seemed to open more and more upon him; it was first there that the sacred ties of family life were made known to him. This depression and excitability became so great that his feeble strength threatened to give way, and as exercise was absolutely necessary, the faculty of Nuremberg prescribed that of riding. The riding-master at Nuremberg, who, like everybody else there, knew him, accordingly made him free to enter his *ménage*.

Kaspar Hauser was now so far advanced from the utterly negative condition in which he had been found, as to show indications of individual character. And this character was one of no ordinary kind. From the first he evinced a nature of singular gentleness and humanity. He could not bear to hurt a fly. He was docile, and perfectly obedient, and beautifully truthful. His habits were from the first scrupulously orderly. The regiment of toys accumulated by degrees round him were carefully put by at night, and arranged in fresh order in the morning. Child as he was, he had no childish deceit or tricks; on the contrary, as far as his slender powers of expression permitted, he is represented to have shown an almost exaggerated love of justice. One thing of course was wanting, namely, the conception of anything above this world, or beyond this life. Nor, as we have said, could there have been anything more ill-judged than the way in which his first teachers had attempted to supply this void. In his ideas of a God, as in other lower things, he followed the usual instinct of childhood, embarrassing his friends with artless questions about God, just as children do us. Once, when his instructor was dwelling on the omnipotence of the Deity, he went beyond the instincts of childhood, and asked, in sad sarcasm on his own fate, "Can Almighty God also make time go back?" By degrees we are told, it was given to him to grasp the idea of a great and good Maker and Ruler of all things, and to regard his commands as just and his will as supreme; but all notions of redemption and atonement, and, in short, of that Saviour whose love and pity this apparently sinned-against child so especially claimed, probably owing to the manner in which they had been first thrust upon him, failed to reach his mind.

The judicious kindness he received in Professor Daumer's family, and the enjoyment of horse exercise, soon showed their

result in his improved health. He made progress in general knowledge, and especially in reading and writing, so as to yield to the desire of his friends, that he should collect his recollections into a species of memoir for the public. This was in the summer of 1829, rather more than a year after his first appearance. Accordingly it soon became known — being reported in several journals — that Kaspar Hauser was writing his own life. It is reasonable to believe that this announcement aroused those hidden forces, which seemed to have ruled his destiny, but which had hitherto kept concealed from view. The little child, to whom all but life had been denied, who for some reason was not killed, and who showed no signs of dying, had, as time advanced, become a possible source of embarrassment. This had been obviated by exposing him in a public street. But if his actual disappearance, beneath the great wave of that new life into which he had been cast, had been really expected, the invisible agents were now undeceived. The sequel proved that his movements had been watched, and that his residence with Professor Daumer was known. It was on the 17th of October, 1829, that at the primitive hour of dinner — twelve o'clock — the lad was missing. Search being made for him, copious traces of blood were found on staircase, passage, and other lower parts of the house, all leading to a cellar, entered by a door flat with the ground. On lifting this he was seen lying at the further end, bleeding, and apparently dying. On being brought up, he showed signs of life, his first words being "Man! man!" after which he was seized with paroxysms of shivering, and then with a kind of frenzy, in which several persons were scarcely able to restrain him. The next forty-eight hours were spent in delirium, in which the idea of the man, his former keeper, and of his being attacked by him, took the lead. The wound was on the forehead, evidently inflicted by a sharp instrument. It was believed to have been intended for the throat, but averted, by a rapid bend of the head, to the forehead. The flow of blood had been considerable, otherwise the injury was not grave, but in the patient's highly nervous condition it was some weeks before he recovered. His own account was that he had gone into the lower part of the house, when he saw a man stealing along the passage. The man's head was entirely black, and he believed him to be a chimney-sweep, who on a former occasion had frightened him. Sud-

denly the figure attacked him. He could not see his assailant's face, and thought he had a black covering over his whole head; but, for all that, he was sure it was the man. In his terror he ran up-stairs, and, not finding any one, ran down again and took refuge in the cellar.

This event created an enormous sensation in the town, and judicial enquiries are stated to have been set on foot; though the mystery in which they were shrouded, and the pedantry of German forms, were not calculated to inspire confidence as to results. But the first feeling was a natural anxiety as to Kaspar's safety, and as soon as he was sufficiently recovered he was removed from the house of Professor Daumer to that of one of the magistrates. Here for some time he was carefully guarded and not allowed to leave the house without the escort of two of the police. In June, 1830, he was again moved, and this time to the care of a Herr von Tücher, who was formally appointed his guardian. The town authorities had now in a legal document recognized the mysterious foundling as their charge, and bound themselves not to deliver him to any one, except on proof of legitimate claim. The poor lad had meanwhile secured a powerful friend and patron in the person of Herr von Feuerbach, an old and eminent jurist, residing at Ansbach. He had carefully studied the case, and his work entitled "Kaspar Hauser, — the account of an individual kept in a dungeon, and separated from all communication with the world, from early childhood to about the age of seventeen, drawn up from legal documents, 1832," is the most intelligent we possess; and, though enthusiastically interested in its object, yet bearing the stamp of that careful observation from life which is the pledge of truth. The above work tells us that, although orderly and gentle in manner, yet, that if first seen without being known, he would strike every one by his unready speech, and his awkward and unpliant movements, as "a strange phenomenon," "a mingled compound of child, youth, and man, in whom it seems impossible, at the first glance, to determine to which of these three ages this prepossessing combination of them all properly belongs."

The face [he adds] presents a union of the tender traits of childhood and the harsher lines of manhood — expressing by turns a heart-winning sweetness, with a tinge of melancholy, a confidential openness, and a more than childish inexperience. In his mind there appears nothing of genius, not even any re-

markable talent. What he now learns he owes to perseverance, but the zest, with which at first he seemed anxious to learn all things, has long been extinguished. In every study he undertakes he soon remains stationary. Without a spark of fancy, incapable of uttering a single pleasantry, or even of understanding a figurative expression, he possesses dry, but sound common sense. In understanding a man, in knowledge of any kind a little child, and in many respects more ignorant still than a child, he often utters things which, coming from any other person of the same age would be stupid and silly, but which from him always force from us a smile of sad compassion.

Such words as these go further in vindication of this story than pages of description. If a great dramatist had ever attempted to invent such a character, he would have personated it in a mixture of childishness and sadness, the natural childishness of the one age, and the equally natural sadness of the other. Other touches by Herr von Feuerbach heighten the pathos. Alluding to criticisms already murmuring, and forestalling others that became far louder, he remarks : " Too old to be considered a child, and too ignorant to be regarded as a man, without country, parent, or relations, reminded every moment in the bustle of the world of his weakness, and especially of his dependence, he is, as it were, the only creature of his kind. Hence the expertness and acuteness, which some call slyness and cunning, with which he seizes the peculiarities and foibles of others, and knows how to accommodate himself to those who are able to do him good or harm." The piteous side of his unnatural fate is further told by the clouds of grief which overhang his brow, and frequently pour themselves forth in tears and lamentations. Nor will it be possible ever to comfort him entirely respecting his fate. The final observations of Herr von Feuerbach are thus summed up : —

The extraordinary acuteness of his senses has subsided to almost the common level. He indeed still sees in the dark, so that night is only twilight for him, but he can no longer read in the dark, nor recognize, as he once did, the most minute objects at a distance. Like other men he now bears and loves the light of the sun, which no longer distresses his eyes. Of the gigantic powers of his memory and other astonishing qualities, not a trace remains. He no longer retains anything that is extraordinary, but his indescribable goodness, the exceeding amiability of his disposition, and his extraordinary fate.

By this time a great change had come over Kaspar Hauser's prospects. This

change was owing to the appearance of Earl Stanhope on the scene, father of the historian. This eccentric nobleman visited Nuremberg in May, 1831. Having indulged the curiosity felt by all visitors to see what was then considered the most extraordinary sight the town afforded, he immediately conceived the most ardent interest in Kaspar, and declared his wish to adopt him, and to take him to England. Despite the pledge given not to make him over to any one, except on proof of legitimate claim, the authorities of Nuremberg at once acceded to the wish of the earl, whose rank and wealth were novelties of no common kind in that old-fashioned part of the world. At the same time this transfer did not take place without every formal guarantee for his welfare that the legal courts of Bavaria could supply. It is no wonder that the fact of an English nobleman, ready to throw the ægis of his protection over the forlorn young man, should have excited sentiments of romantic admiration, in which the king of Bavaria, old Ludwig of eccentric fame, led the way with an autograph letter of acknowledgment to the earl.

There was another side, however, to this delightful picture. The earl, as might have been foreseen, did not prove the most judicious of foster-fathers. He gave the lad sumptuous presents, and an amount of money of which he was yet far from knowing the legitimate use. He treated him alternately with the homage due to a man, the undoubted offspring of some great princely family, or with the familiar caresses and foolish indulgence suited only to a child. At last, his guardian, Herr von Tücher, evidently a man of sense and honor, after remonstrating in vain with the earl, both by word and letter, felt compelled to throw up his charge. Lord Stanhope now (December, 1831) removed Kaspar to Ansbach, and placed him in the house of a teacher of the name of Meyer. There is no reason to doubt that the choice of this gentleman was judicious, but it is easy to see that a position of responsibility towards two such strange characters was no enviable one. The relations between the English peer and the poor foundling were an anomaly in the eyes even of the gushing Germans. They embraced when they met, and they wept when they parted; and the earl on his way to England wrote to the lad from every station. Kaspar, in the sight of those to whom his education was confided, was the heir to great fortunes, and, like all heirs apparent, was an embarrassing

charge. And by this time the part played by Lord Stanhope had exercised that demoralizing effect upon the poor half-formed lad that was to be expected. It was not all the foster-father's fault. The extraordinary interest which Kaspar's case excited, the incredible personal attention that attended him everywhere, was enough to turn any young head. Told over and over again that he was the most remarkable and interesting young man in the world, and invited to the first houses, he would sit as the chief guest; while the other guests, who thought it a favor to be asked to meet him, recounted his own story before him, touching it up with explanations and elucidations, and ransacking the genealogy of the reigning houses in order to find some vacancy they thought likely to suit him. This prestige was further kept up by his natural gentleness, and even abstinence, which gave a certain charm and propriety to his manner. All this, which now culminated in the weak and doating fondness of an English nobleman, could hardly fail to develop a vanity and wilfulness which by degrees became rampant. Nor is it surprising to hear that a want of truth and a habit of secretiveness and suspicion were in turn added. He showed at length all the faults of the most carefully and curiously spoilt child, and finally, and as a matter of course, there failed not that strong, indigenous vice, which flourishes most where benefits most abound, that saddest symptom of poor human nature—ingratitude. He ignored his former benefactors; never speaking of them, nor caring to hear of them. Kaspar had now outgrown that halo of romance and tenderness with which "the child of Nuremberg" had been invested. He was in a new place and under new circumstances; the stricter nature of which showed him in a less pleasing aspect; while there is no doubt that the very prospect before him, probably greatly exaggerated in splendor, rendered him the object of unsparing scrutiny, and of considerable envy. From this time, at all events, the tide of prejudice began to set against him. Lord Stanhope himself, instead of returning to Ansbach for him, or empowering some one to convey him to England, began to ask categorical questions with regard to his industry and intellectual progress. Truths which, however natural, were rather disappointing, now came out. Herr Meyer and his other teachers frankly owned that, on coming to Ansbach, he was altogether not forwarder than a boy of eight or nine, and that, in-

stead of desiring to improve, he was full of excuses to avoid all application.

Meanwhile the uncertainty of Lord Stanhope's movements continued to exercise the patience of Herr Meyer and the other sponsors. This was not from any lack of liberality, for the earl spared nothing, whether for the lad's worldly advantage, or for the elucidation of his fate; but month after month, and half-year after half-year went by, and nothing was heard of his intentions. Kaspar's guardians therefore felt it high time to prepare him for some mode of earning his bread—for one of Lord Stanhope's questions referred especially to what he was fit for—and, with Kaspar's own concurrence, they placed him in the lowest class of clerkships in a government chancery in Ansbach, where little beyond a boy's first handwriting was required.

We have alluded to gleams of evidence which seemed to crop up from time to time. An idea, for instance, had arisen that Kaspar's origin was to be found in Hungary. Accordingly a young man who understood Hungarian was admitted to him, accompanied by two of his friends, when, after purposely speaking of indifferent things, he suddenly repeated the Hungarian words for "one, two, three," Kaspar immediately showed signs of excitement. Other words were uttered with the same effect. This was sufficient to induce Lord Stanhope, who has been unjustly accused of frustrating the pursuit of this clue, to send Herr von Tücher and another, with the lad himself, all travelling under feigned names, direct to Hungary, to institute private enquiry. The friends were further directed quietly to watch what impression the sound of Hungarian speech and the sight of the costumes made on him. The result was that no impression whatever, from either cause, was observable. The journey, however, and the talk about it which ensued, sufficed to spread the belief, that he was come of some great Hungarian house. At the same time this discovery ran counter to another favored idea, which was that he was one of the Baden princes, sons of Stephanie, hitherto believed to have died in infancy; the eldest of whom was known to have been born in 1812, Kaspar's own reputed birth-year. This idea was strengthened by the distress notoriously known to have been suffered by the grand duchess at the mere supposition, which was, however, proved eventually to be without a shred of foundation.

Another idea, to which importance was

attached, was occasioned by a vague sense of recognition exhibited by Kaspar on first being taken to the *Burg*, or castle, at Nuremberg, when the grand staircase, the folding doors, like none he had seen before, and the long suite of rooms after the fashion of all German palaces, seemed to touch chords of memory, and roused indistinct images of a time when he lived in such a place, and was attended, Mirandala-like, by several female servants.

It was after these barren results, and perhaps in consequence of them, that Lord Stanhope sent the guardians a series of thirty questions bearing on points of Kaspar's reputed history, and especially on the attempt at assassination in October, 1829. No change, however, took place in the provision made by the earl for the comfort and pleasure of his adopted son. He continued to travel, under due escort, from time to time, and was presented to various great personages desirous to know him. On one occasion, passing through Bamberg, where he appeared at a ball, the anxiety to see the mysterious lad produced quite a public commotion.

Still, though he thus continued to excite the same curiosity as ever — some worthy Germans even seriously persisting in calling him "my lord" — there was evidently an increasing tension between him and those to whom he was consigned; he knew that they had lost trust in him, and they gave him to understand that Lord Stanhope had done the same; at the same time, on his own part, he was never open with them, and neglected his light duties at the Chancery under excuses as false as they were frequent. In short there was a feeling, as if this condition of things could not continue long, as if a crisis of some kind were at hand. And a crisis was at hand, though in a most unforeseen form.

In the afternoon of the 14th December (1833), Herr Meyer was sitting in his room, when the door suddenly burst open, and Kaspar appeared, and with wild gestures, and in broken words, gave him to understand that he had been stabbed. "The man — had a knife — Uz monument — gave me a purse, and then stabbed me. I ran as fast as I could. Purse left lying there." He was put to bed without delay. Notice was given of the attack, and a policeman sent to the spot Kaspar had described, where he found a little lilac silk purse. It contained only a scrap of paper, on which were written in pencil characters the following lines: "To be delivered. Hauser will be able to tell

you exactly who I am, and whence I come, but in order to spare him the trouble, I will tell you myself: —

I come from
The Bavarian frontier
By the river,
I will even tell you my name — M. L. Oe.

This purse was made over to the town officials, who with two doctors immediately met by the bedside to inspect the wound and obtain and issue a description of the assassin — an object which the state of the patient at first only imperfectly permitted. On the left side of the breast was a small but deep wound. The corresponding cut was seen through wadded coat, waistcoat, frontpiece, and shirt. Meanwhile snow had fallen continuously, and the number of people, who, on the incident spreading like lightning through the town, had at once rushed to the monument, had obliterated all distinctive footmarks. Nor was there a trace of the weapon to be found. On the fifteenth, unfavorable symptoms forbade examination. On the sixteenth he was much better, and was questioned. His deposition was continued at three different intervals, and amounted to this: that on the eleventh of the month he had been accosted at the foot of the steps leading to the Court of Appeal, at 7 o'clock A. M., by a man looking like a workman, who said, "The court gardener sends you his best compliments, and begs you to come a little after three to the court gardens, when he will show you the different clays to be seen in sinking the artesian well." He did not go that day because it was wet, but he told Frau von Heckel, a friend's wife, about it, who begged him not to go. On the fourteenth of December the same man appeared again at the same place and time, and repeated the invitation. The report of this examination was fully given, helping to fill up and also to account for the forty-two large volumes of official documents relating to this mysterious person. But for the formality with which these are given, the irrelevancy of the chief questions would not be credited. He was asked — dying as he was — the color of his assassin's eyes, moustache, and hair; what sort of trowsers he wore; what was the character of his voice, and what dialect he spoke. The report he gave of his own proceedings was simple. He went into the court gardens at the hour appointed, and straight to the artesian well. Finding no one there, he went on to the Uz monument; and there, at the two stone seats, a

tall man suddenly came forward, gave him a purse, and immediately stabbed him. He then let the purse fall, and ran home as fast as he could. He was shown the purse, which he thought was the same. Asked why, considering the attack on him at Nuremberg, he ventured to obey a summons from an unknown man to a lonely spot? answered that he had not thought himself in danger now that he had a foster-father. This was the upshot of forty-two questions!

On the seventeenth the symptoms became alarming. They still continued to ask him questions, but his answers were rambling, though all are printed. The same evening this forlorn being, whose life and death were alike enveloped in mystery, passed peacefully away. A reward of 800*l.*—no slight sum in Germany—was offered by the government for the detection of the murderer, to which Lord Stanhope added 400*l.* more, but time passed on without eliciting the slightest track.

We have said that the tide of prejudice had begun to set strongly against him, murmurs of which had even reached the dying man himself. The catastrophe of his violent death gave them a louder voice, and a more definite object, namely, in the question whether he died by his own hand or by that of another. The depositions regarding his last days must here be referred to. Herr Meyer and his wife both deposed that, for the last week or so, they thought he had been more reserved, and had withdrawn more from their society than usual—certainly that he had also had less appetite; and on the fourteenth he ate so little that Frau Meyer expostulated. In the last week also he was even more than usually reluctant to work, leaving the Court of Appeal daily an hour before his time, under the pretext that he had a lesson to attend. This was not true. Also on the fourteenth he went to a friend's house and stayed there till nearly three o'clock, when he left, saying he had to attend an appointment. This was also not true. Further, he must have known, that the boring of the artesian well had ceased in the month of August. Finally, the court gardener deposed that he had never sent him such a message as he had reported. All these instances of dissimulation tended to strengthen the belief in suicide. It may be added that it was afterwards discovered, that he had put his little possessions in his room carefully in order, and had destroyed papers which had been seen in his keeping a few days before.

A second question mooted was whether he had intended suicide, or only such a wound—as in the case of the reported attack on him in Nuremberg, the belief in which, of course, now shared the same doubts—as would excite interest and help to revive his waning reputation. This question was solved by the wound itself, the doctors all agreeing that the blow was one which, whosoever the hand, was meant to deal death. The direction of the wound was oblique, and from left to right. This was adverse to the supposition of suicide, till it was remembered that Kaspar Hauser was left-handed. A seated position also would have further facilitated the act, and here there were two stone seats at hand. On the other hand, those bent on suicide usually bare the breast to the blow; here the wound went through a great thickness of winter clothing.

One of the doctors gave the committee the benefit of his experience as to the difference of demeanor, after the act, between one wounded, mortally or not, by another hand, and one wounded by his own. That those, namely, wounded by another are anxious as to their own state; frequently asking questions as to the nature of their wounds; while those who have intended suicide are generally quiet, self-absorbed, and indifferent as to the nature of their wounds. Kaspar Hauser's demeanor was of this last class.

The point that puzzled them most was that a man so mortally wounded should have been able—and he was seen by several on the way—to run the considerable distance between the monument and his home. The question of the weapon was another puzzle. Whether at Ansbach or at Nuremberg, Kaspar, by the nature of his semi-public and strictly supervised life, could not possibly have obtained such a weapon without all the small world of either place ringing with the fact. Its concealment after the deed was not such a mystery, for the river Rezat runs through the court gardens. Finally the fact of the small lilac silk purse, of no small significance in the enquiry, remained absolutely unexplained. Some thought they had seen it before in Kaspar's own possession, and even that the writing resembled his own. This last idea was promptly negatived by experts. One thing was certain, that the contents of the paper were marked by the same brutal rhodomontade that characterized the letter to the captain; while another equally certain point was, that its grim humor was utterly beyond the power of Kaspar to invent; at the same

time the unavoidable inference is plain, that the admission of any accomplice in the deed at once dismisses the idea of suicide. The following inscription, therefore, on a stone, placed at the spot where the blow was supposed to be struck, embodies the only conclusion to which all the investigations led :—

Hic
Occultus
Occulto
Occisus est
XIV. Dec.
MDCCXXXIII.

The question of Kaspar Hauser's suicide immediately opened that of his entire history. This, though in some sense natural, was in no sense logical. The two questions had no real connection. Suicide is based upon conditions common to a small percentage of the human race; Kaspar's reputed condition was one in which he stood alone. We shall be reminded that, in thus supposing his extraordinary history to be true, we virtually abandon the necessity for all proof. But that is very different from abandoning the existence of proof; of which we maintain that there is plenty. Granting, as the reader must have observed, that the narrative is encumbered with contradictions, inconsistencies, and gross improbabilities, yet all these, proved ten times over to be such, do not touch the main fact. Indeed, it may be said, taking all into account that, if there were not inconsistencies in such a narrative, we should the more doubt it to be true. It was easy to discover that Kaspar blundered in what he said, or rather in what people believed that he said, for all received a finish from the conjectures of others, but no one discovered that he blundered in the part he had assumed. It was the man himself who was the evidence, and all abstract doubt, founded on the improbability of the story, was sure to collapse at once before ten minutes contact with its subject. Among the numerous works in which the pros and cons of this case are argued, one by Merker, the head of the police at Berlin, is the most able. It is a very handbook for the detection of imposture; but it lacks the real touchstone, for he never saw Kaspar.

We have told his history, since his first appearance in Nuremberg, in the earlier part of this article, as it was told at the time to the public, and have told it purposely uncritically. With the doubt cast on it by several works contemporary and recent, the time is come to apply to it

such criticism as can be commanded. Great stress is naturally laid on the evidence of those to whom the lad first appeared. Witnesses were examined on oath on two different occasions, the earliest being in November, 1829, the latest in May, 1834. Considering the lapse of time, the one occasion a year and a half after the event, the other six years after, it would be strange if they had not contradicted not only one another, but themselves. The questions most needing answers were, first, how a youth so long immured in one position was able to use his feet; and secondly, how he looked. The shoemaker, who first saw him, deposed on the first occasion that he came staggering (*wackelnd*) along, and on the second, that he walked with "firm strong steps;" while the servant at the captain's house stated that he evinced great suffering, and could hardly use his feet. As regards his looks, one policeman deposed that he had a healthy color, as if he had lived in the air, while another swore that he was pale, and looked as if he had been long shut up. Sheets of evidence were filled, all contributing to make up the forty-two volumes, from which no other conclusion can be drawn except the absurdity of evidence taken under such conditions.

On the other hand the deposition of Hiltel, the gaoler, bears all the stamp of intelligence and truth. He deposed that Kaspar, on arriving, was so exhausted that he had to be helped up-stairs; that he repeated the same words *Reuta wähn*, etc., in season and out of season, like a parrot; called every animal *Ross*; had no idea of day and night, or of sun and moon; and showed his ignorance of fire by putting his hand, on the second day, into the flame of a lighted splinter. Hiltel added in 1834, that Kaspar had a good understanding, and was so amiable and docile that, "had I not had eight children of my own, I should not have parted with him;" that the police had directed him to watch him closely, which he did; adding his firm conviction, that there was no deceit about him; and that it was perfectly impossible that he could have kept up such a part, if part it could be called, the only art of which consisted in pretending to be as stupid and childish as he really was. And it must be borne in mind that the gaoler was the man best fitted in all Nuremberg to detect imposture. During that time also Kaspar was visited and talked to by hundreds, without the idea of imposture being so much as surmised. It

is true most of these hundreds were not very wise, many of them much the reverse; but they were wise enough to perceive that he was what he seemed. They would indeed have as soon believed black to be white, as that the poor nondescript, whom they gaped at and played tricks on, was all the while playing far deeper tricks on them.

This is so extraordinary a story that, unless we keep hold of certain facts, we lose ourselves in such a tangle as to be tempted to cut the knot by disbelieving the whole thing. There lie immediately on the surface a whole group of improbabilities; the place of his confinement, the nocturnal visits of "the man" who brought his food, the drugging of the water, the being taught to walk in a place where he could not stand upright, and to write where his teacher could not see, the description of the journey, etc. But none of these incidents, even admitting his imperfect powers of description, are really so improbable as that he should successfully feign the part of an innocent child, at once so difficult to assume, and so easy to detect, that he should further have been able to imitate or even to know the symptoms of an occult element in nature, magnetism, the very existence of which he could by no possibility have known. Nor can all these improbabilities neutralize for a moment the evidence of the state of his saliva, the result of the long and sole consumption of the gelatinous properties of a bread and water diet, nor, as little, the material fact of the malformation of his knees, diagnosed by an eminent surgeon of the time, and induced by the long continuance of one position. And lastly, and still less, can the whole group of improbabilities outweigh a proof of truth which cried aloud from death itself. For the examination of the body divulged an enormously enlarged condition of the liver, so large as to encroach on the heart, which the doctors of Ansbach could only attribute to a seated posture kept up for years; in other words, to that total privation of all natural exercise, the effect of which was also seen in the undeveloped size of the lungs. The case of this strange being would appear indeed to have been far less adapted for the scrutiny of lawyers and constables, and both had ample opportunities to study it, than for that of persons of sound sense and close observation; bearing always in mind the youth of the subject, his utter ignorance of the commonest things in this world, and the confusion sure to ensue from the unequal match between him and

his interlocutors; misunderstanding on their part being quite as natural as mis-statement on his.

Something, too, must be laid to the account of the well-meant exaggeration on the part of his friends, who, in their ardor to catch at any shred of a clue, were tempted to try to heighten the interest of certain indications, such, for instance, as his love for horses; shown first by his toys, and further confirmed by the inspired manner in which he was described to have at once mounted the animal, and in a few days performed as wonderful feats of horsemanship as the riding-master himself; all pointing to an aristocracy of birth in which such tastes and powers were inherent. Unfortunately for this ingenious theory, it at once gave way before the deposition of the riding-master in question, which states that far from showing any dexterity in horsemanship, Kaspar Hauser had to be lifted on to the animal, with difficulty kept his seat, and could not be said to be a rider in any sense. The riding-master further expressed his annoyance that such a fable should have been published, one far less consistent with his reputed antecedents than the simple truth.

It is a curious feature in this short history of this strange being that, in the first months of his appearance, he gave a far higher promise of power and ability than he subsequently fulfilled. His memory, as we have said, was extraordinary, his thirst for knowledge insatiable. Herr von Tücher found nothing to reprove in him but his over-anxiety to learn. Before that gentleman gave up his charge, he had cause to reprove him for the opposite extreme. This change was attributed, by a not very sagacious process of reasoning, to his having learned to eat meat. One of the doctors who attended the post-mortem, gives a more philosophical explanation. The skull was rather low, in his words, "as if pressed together downwards," and the brain, though normal, was small, and not particularly delicate in its structure; even, he said, somewhat brutish. Altogether, there were signs which indicated a deficient development of the organ, suggesting the belief, that the brain had been arrested in its development by lack of stimulus and action. For it is, as we all know, a law in nature that no organ which remains unused attains perfection, or, having attained it, retains it; but, on the contrary, declines, and gradually wastes away. By about seven years of age the allotted development of the brain is accomplished. But if before that time

its progress has been, from any cause, cut short, it remains stationary both in a mental and material sense, a state which no after opportunities can rectify. The rapid intellectual advance made by Kaspar Hauser in his first year or so, though only the relative advance of a child, proved that the brain was so far matured; but its arrest at that point, and speedy decline from it, showed that it could advance no further.

Finally, we must make that first and last question in all such cases, what interest he had in practising so extraordinary a deceit? if deceit there was. And perhaps the greatest proof, negative, it is true, but strong, that no deceit was practised, is, that no rational or credible answer can be given. Where there are no precedents, there are no rules. Other impostors have objects to seek, and schemes to pursue. Poor Kaspar Hauser wished for nothing but dry bread and water. His daily diet for long cost Professor Daumer, or rather the town, only six kreutzers, or twopence a day; and he was with the greatest reluctance gradually induced to add to his bill of fare. Nothing ever induced him to change his beverage. There was no plan, no plausibility, no pretensions. He was very unhappy in a world in which he could do nothing like other men, and if he attained a marvellous and most troublesome notoriety, it was what he could not possibly have foreseen.

The change in his general intelligence, and the deterioration which for obvious reasons had taken place in his moral nature, were coincident in time; and with them ceased, in great measure, the interest with which the local public regarded him. This was to be expected; but what may be legitimately set aside is the idea that his vanity, want of veracity, and signs of temper, were proofs of his being an impostor. Altogether it was time for poor Kaspar Hauser to die. The so pathetically engaging lad, whom Von Feuerbach had described as "my dear, marvellous, puzzling foundling, for long the first and most important object of my solicitude, observation, and care"—whom Von Tücher describes as "an innocent child, of the purest and most spotless soul, knowing no evil—a *tabula rasa*, with endless powers of receptivity,"—this interesting being had disappeared, and given place to a man of untruthful and secretive habits—only too easily contracted under the circumstances that had surrounded him—before whom lay an ever more and more darkened

ing future, who felt that his prestige was gone, who was alone of his kind, and who knew that he could never support himself. His death was the signal for all his worldly friends to throw stones, Lord Stanhope throwing the heaviest in his German work, "*Materials for a History of Kaspar Hauser*." Happily for the credit of human nature, a touching contrast to this ugly picture was shown in the affectionate zeal with which his best and earliest friends took up his defence.

We have thus endeavoured to extract an impartial statement of this unprecedented case, from the numerous works in which it has been discussed with equal warmth on both sides. Strange that its truth or falsity should still be left to the conflicting voice of opinion! not a single fact having come to light to place either on a firmer basis. Nearly two generations have now passed away since this poor waif appeared on the scene, and it is still as difficult as ever to decide whether he was the actor of an iniquitous imposture, or the victim of an unheard-of crime. Considered as an imposture, it is extraordinary that it should have succeeded; considered as a mystery, it is equally extraordinary that it could have been maintained. Two arguments may be urged which may incline others, as they have inclined us, to believe rather in the crime than in the imposture. The first, that only such a fate as his could have produced a Kaspar Hauser; the second, that it is easier to believe his story than his power to impersonate it. He must now be left alone with his secret, best expressed by the epitaph on his tombstone:—

Hic jacet
CASPARUS HAUSER
Ænigma
Sui temporis
Ignota nativitas
Occulta mors.
MDCCXXXIII.

From The Times.

ELEMENTS AND META-ELEMENTS.

THE following address was delivered by Mr. Crookes, F.R.S., president of the Chemical Society, at the annual meeting of the society. After reading his presidential report on the state of the society, Mr. Crookes continued:—

Permit me, gentlemen, now to draw your attention for a short time to a subject

which concerns the fundamental principles of chemistry, a subject which may lead us to admit the possible existence of bodies which, though neither compounds nor mixtures, are not elements in the strictest sense of the word — bodies which I venture to call "meta-elements."

To explain my meaning it is necessary for me to revert to our conception of an element. What is the criterion of an element? Where are we to draw the line between distinct existence and identity? No one doubts that oxygen, sodium, chlorine, sulphur are separate elements; and when we come to such groups as chlorine, bromine, iodine, etc., we still feel no doubt, although were degrees of "elementicity" admissible — and to that we may ultimately have to come — it might be allowed that chloride approximates much more closely to bromine than to oxygen, sodium, or sulphur. Again, nickel and cobalt are near to each other, very near, though no one questions their claim to rank as distinct elements. Still I cannot help asking what would have been the prevalent opinion among chemists had the respective solutions of these bodies and their compounds presented identical colors, instead of colors which, approximately speaking, are mutually complementary. Would their distinct nature have even now been recognized?

When we pass further and come to the so-called rare earths the ground is less secure under our feet. Perhaps we may admit scandium, ytterbium, and others of the like sort to elemental rank; but what are we to say in the case of praseo- and neo-dymium, between which there may be said to exist no well-marked chemical difference, their chief claim to separate individuality being slight differences in basicity and crystallizing powers, though their physical distinctions as shown by spectrum observations are very strongly marked? Even here we may imagine the disposition of the majority of chemists would incline towards the side of leniency, so that they would admit these two bodies within the charmed circle. Whether in so doing they would be able to appeal to any broad principle is an open question.

If we admit these candidates how in justice are we to exclude the series of elemental bodies or meta-elements made known to us by Krüss and Nilson? Here the spectral differences are well marked, while my own researches on didymium show also a slight difference in basicity between some at least of these doubtful bodies. In the same category must be

included the numerous separate bodies into which it is probable that yttrium, erbium, samarium, and other elements — commonly so-called — have been and are being split up. Where then are we to draw the line? The different groupings shade off so imperceptibly the one into the other that it is impossible to erect a definite boundary between any two adjacent bodies, and to say that the body on this side of the line is an element, while the one on the other side is non-elementary, or merely something which simulates or approximates to an element. Wherever an apparently reasonable line might be drawn it would no doubt be easy at once to assign most bodies to their proper side, as in all cases of classification the real difficulty comes in when the border line is approached. Slight chemical differences of course are admitted, and, up to a certain point, so are well-marked physical differences. What are we to say, however, when the only chemical difference is an almost imperceptible tendency for the one body — of a couple or of a group — to precipitate before the other?

Again, there are cases where the chemical differences reach the vanishing-point, although well-marked physical differences still remain. Here we stumble on a new difficulty; in such obscurities what is chemical and what is physical? Are we not entitled to call a slight tendency of a nascent amorphous precipitate to fall down in advance of another a "physical difference"? And may we not call colored reactions depending on the amount of some particular acid present and varying according to the concentration of the solution and to the solvent employed "chemical differences"? I do not see how we can deny elementary character to a body which differs from another by well-marked color, or spectrum reactions, while we accord it to another body whose only claim is a very minute difference in basic powers.

Having once opened the door wide enough to admit some spectrum differences we have to inquire how minute a difference qualifies the candidate to pass. I will give instances from my own experience of some of these doubtful candidates. 1. Two closely allied bodies differ slightly in basic powers and more decidedly also in their spectrum reactions; are they distinct entities? Probably yes. 2. Two bodies have no distinctive spectrum reaction, and differ in basicity so slightly that their separation has hitherto proved to be impossible; but they differ decid-

edly in the color of their oxides. Are they different? I should in this case also say yes. 3. Two bodies obtained from different minerals have no recognizable chemical difference, but there is a strong line in the phosphorescent spectrum of one which is absent in the other. What are we to say in this case? 4. An earth separated with enormous difficulty from its associates has a certain very definite phosphorescent spectrum. The addition of another body greatly intensifies one or more of the lines of the spectrum of the earth so separated, while upon the other lines in the spectrum of the same earth it has no action. Is the basis of this earth simple or compound? 5. An earth showing no difference on fractionation has a phosphorescent spectrum not materially modified by the admixture of another earth; but the residual glow of one part of the spectrum as seen in the phosphoroscope is suppressed, while that of the other is not affected. Are we not here also dealing with more than one sort of molecule? 6. Earths, apparently the same, from different minerals, behave alike chemically and spectroscopically, with the exception that a certain line in the spectrum of the one is a little brighter than the corresponding line in the spectrum of the other. Again, where are we to draw the line? If an immediate decision were required, and a poll of the chemists in this room demanded, we should probably find the dividing lines placed in all positions among these seven cases. But to have only one rank in the elementary hierarchy, to class these obscure and indefinite bodies in the same rank with silver and chlorine and oxygen and sulphur, is as manifest an absurdity as it would be to put a speck of meteoric dust upon a level with the planet Jupiter because both may be called distinct members of the solar system.

Is there no way out of this perplexity? Must we either make the elementary examination so stiff that only some sixty or seventy candidates can pass, or must we open the examination doors so wide that the number of admissions is limited only by the number of applicants? The real difficulty we encountered by unlimited multiplication of elements arises from the periodic theory. That theory has received such abundant verification that we cannot lightly accept any interpretation of phenomena which fails to be in accordance with it. But if we suppose the elements reinforced by a vast number of bodies slightly differing from each other in their

properties, and forming, if I may use the expression, *exaggerations* of nebulae where we formerly saw, or believed we saw, separate stars, the periodic arrangement can no longer be definitely grasped. No longer, that is, if we retain our usual conception of an element. Let us, then, modify this conception. For "element" read "elementary group"—such elementary groups taking the place of the old elements in the periodic scheme—and the difficulty falls away. In defining an element, let us take not an external boundary, but an internal type. Let us say, e.g., the smallest ponderable quantity of yttrium is an assemblage of ultimate atoms almost infinitely more like each other than they are to the atoms of any other approximating element. It does not necessarily follow that the atoms shall all be absolutely alike among themselves. The atomic weight which we ascribe to yttrium, therefore, merely represents a mean value around which the actual weights of the individual atoms of the "element" range within certain limits. But if my conjecture is tenable, could we separate atom from atom, we should find them varying within narrow limits on each side of the mean. The very process of fractionation implies the existence of such differences in certain bodies. Until lately such bodies passed muster as elements. They had definite properties, chemical and physical; they had recognized atomic weights.

If we take a pure dilute solution of such a body, yttrium, for instance, and if we add to it an excess of strong ammonia, we obtain a precipitate which appears perfectly homogeneous. But if instead we add very dilute ammonia in quantity sufficient only to precipitate one-half of the base present, we obtain no immediate precipitate. If we stir up the whole thoroughly so as to insure a uniform mixture of the solution and the ammonia, and set the vessel aside for an hour, carefully excluding dust, we may still find the liquid clear and bright, without any vestige of turbidity. After three or four hours, however, an opalescence will declare itself, and the next morning a precipitate will have appeared. Now let us ask ourselves, What can be the meaning of this phenomenon? The quantity of precipitant added was insufficient to throw down more than half the yttria present, therefore a process akin to selection has been going on for several hours. The precipitation has evidently not been effected at random, those molecules of the base being decomposed

which happened to come in contact with a corresponding molecule of ammonia, for we have taken care that the liquids should be uniformly mixed, so that one molecule of the original salt would not be more exposed to decomposition than any other. If, further, we consider the time which elapses before the appearance of a precipitate, we cannot avoid coming to the conclusion that the action which has been going on for the first few hours is of a selective character.

The problem is not why a precipitate is produced, but what determines or directs some atoms to fall down and others to remain in solution. Out of the multitude of atoms present, what power is it that directs each atom to choose the proper path? We may picture to ourselves some directive force passing the atoms one by one in review, selecting one for precipitation and another for solution till all have been adjusted. In order that such a selection can be effected there evidently must be some slight differences between which it is possible to select, and this difference almost certainly must be one of basicity, so slight as to be imperceptible by any test at present known, but susceptible of being nursed and encouraged to a point when the difference can be appreciated by ordinary tests.

Let us follow our atoms through another stage of fractionation. The ammonia has divided them into two groups, one of which displays just the minutest possible suspicion of greater basicity than the other. Let us repeat the first experiment again with these two groups. Again, we obtain from each a precipitate and a solution, so that we have now two precipitates and two solutions. It is evident that whereas the precipitate from the original salt was slightly less basic than that which remained dissolved, the second precipitate from the first precipitate must have its basic character still further diminished, while at the same time the second solution from the first solution must contain selected atoms of a slightly higher degree of basicity. The least basic at one end and the most basic at the other end are thus two removes each from the original; and treating them in the same way for a third time, we obtain two groups of atoms which are three removes from the centre. (The intermediate groups need not be here discussed. By systematic mixings they can be made to contribute their quota to the end groups.) By repeating this operation, not once or twice but many hundreds of times, those atoms having a tendency to

come down first always going one way, and those having a tendency to remain dissolved always going the other way, we, so to speak, educate the atoms, adding to them no fresh properties, but drawing out and giving free scope to properties that already existed, but that were previously masked. A similar absence of absolute homogeneity may possibly yet be traced in many of the elements if once the right reagents are selected, and if laborious chemists are to be found willing to devote years to researches barren to outward seeming.

That this deviation from absolute homogeneity should mark the constitution of these molecules or aggregations of matter which we designate elements will perhaps be clearer if we return in imagination to the earliest dawn of our material universe, and, face to face with the great secret, try to consider the processes of elemental evolution. Going back to the "fire-mist," the *Ur-Stoff* of the German philosophers, or the "protyle," as, after Roger Bacon, I have ventured to call it, we see an infinite number of infinitely small ultimate, or rather ultimatisimma particles gradually accreting out of "formless stuff" and moving with inconceivable velocity in all directions. We find those particles which approximately have the same rate and modes of movement beginning to heap themselves together by virtue of that ill-understood tendency through which like and like come together—that principle by virtue of which identical or approximately identical bodies are found collected in masses in the earth's crust instead of being uniformly distributed.

One of the first results of this massing tendency is the formation of certain nodal points in space, between which occur approximately void intervals. How such nodes and spaces come to be formed we shall better be able to understand by a few very simple illustrations, choosing in the first instance, instead of ultimate atoms, living men and women. If we take any very frequented street in London, say Fleet Street, at a time when the animated current runs pretty equally in two directions, and if our rate of walking is somewhat greater than the mean speed of the other foot-passengers, we shall observe that the throngs on the footways are not evenly distributed, but consist of knots or groups—we might almost say blocks—with comparatively open intervening spaces. The explanation of this unequal agglomeration of individuals is simple. Some two or three persons whose rate of

walking is slower than the average somewhat retard the movements of other persons, whether travelling in the same or in the opposite direction. In this manner a slight temporary obstruction is created. The persons behind catch up to the obstruction, and so increase it, while those in front of the obstruction, hurrying on unhindered at their former rate, leave a comparatively free and open space until they, too, find themselves delayed further on by another little group of loiterers. The same process may be observed with vehicles in the carriage-way of much frequented streets. Thus we find that differences in rate of movement are sufficient to arrange a multitude of moving bodies into a series of knots and gaps. In a crowded thoroughfare like Fleet Street, with two opposing human currents, much regularity in the sequence of these knots and voids is not to be expected; but if the observer happens to be walking with a crowd whose constituents are travelling in the same direction, the regularity becomes more apparent; and if, as is sometimes the case, a little rhythm is infused into the steps by an accompaniment of music, the knots and gaps become so orderly that the distance between one block and another, measured in yards, will be found not to differ very greatly from one end of the road to the other. If, instead of men and women, we experiment with little grains of substances of approximately equal size, but differing in specific gravity, and if, mixing them in a horizontal tube with water, we set them in movement by rhythmical agitation, similar phenomena will occur, and the heavy and light powders will sort themselves in a very regular manner. Descending to a lower degree of minuteness, we all know what occurs when an induction current is passed through a rarefied gas. Here the particles, being exempt from free will or caprice, implicitly obey the law I have attempted to illustrate, and out of infinite disorder, under the influence of the electric rhythm, sort themselves into beautiful forms of stratifications.

Let us now return to our ultimate atoms, where the case, though much more complicated, is of the same character. We will suppose certain points in space where the first step in differentiation has been achieved. The ultimate particles have commenced to vibrate in their new-born energy in all directions, and with velocities ranging from zero to infinity. The law which we have traced from animated beings and coarse powders, down to the

molecules of a rarefied gas, still holds good at this transcendental stage of matter, and the imagination can picture knots and voids gradually forming there as well as in Fleet Street. The slower particles will obstruct the quicker, the more rapid will rush up to the laggards in front, and we shall soon have groups forming in different parts of space. The constituents of each group whose rate of vibration is not in accord with the mean rate of the bulk of the components of that group will work to the outside and be thrown off to find other groups with which they are more in harmony. In time, therefore, a condition of stability is established between the various groups, and we may call these the molecules of our present system of elementary bodies.

With regard to the place where atoms come into existence, it seems to me almost certain that if their existence has had a beginning, it has begun at the very edge of the protyle, or the confines of the universe, and that their subsequent migrations have always been inwards. In dynamical language, every new position into which an atom can glide must be from a position of higher to a position of lower potential. If the atom has had a beginning it must therefore have been where the potential is highest — *i.e.*, on the confines of the universe, and if it comes to an end it must be where the potential is lowest — *i.e.*, in the centre of overgrown stars; so that the extinction of the central part of a star when it becomes overgrown is that which puts a limit to the size a star can attain by attracting to itself surrounding matter. This assigning of the places where chemical atoms have their origin and where they meet with extinction seems the only — or almost the only — conclusion we can yet with confidence advance.

From the above illustrations it will be seen that the constituent atoms of these molecules originally may not have been gifted with exactly the same speed or amplitude of vibration. In the molecule of a certain group let the form of energy which has for a factor what we call atomic weight be represented by the figure 35·5; it follows from the foregoing exposition — which I have endeavored to make clear — that while the great bulk of its component atoms have this atomic weight, a small percentage may vary from this figure to the extent of a decimal place, while a few others may stray as much as a whole number or two on one side or the other of the mean. The ultimate atoms whose rates are not exactly 35·5, but a little

higher or lower than 35·5 will congregate around the 35·5 nucleus, forming a group whose average value will be 35·5. In like manner similar groups will be formed having the average rates of 80 and 127, while intermediate spaces will be cleared, the ultimate atoms which occupied these lone spaces being attracted to the chlorine, bromine, and iodine groupings. These groupings represent what at present we call elements, but which I conjecture may possibly consist each of an element and of a certain number of meta-elements, or each may be formed of a whole group of meta-elements, none of which greatly preponderates over the remainder.

On the threshold we encounter an objection very clearly stated by Clerk-Maxwell in his "Theory of Heat" (1871). "I do not think," says this eminent physicist, "that the perfect identity which we observe between different portions of the same kind of matter can be explained on the statistical principle of the stability of the averages of large numbers of quantities each of which may differ from the mean, for if of the molecules of some substance, such as hydrogen, some were of slightly greater mass than others, we have the means of producing a separation between molecules of different masses, and in this way we should be able to produce two kinds of hydrogen, one of which would be somewhat denser than the other. As this cannot be done, we must admit that the quality which we assert to exist between the molecules of hydrogen applies to each individual molecule, and not merely to the average of groups of millions of molecule. The molecules of the same substance are all exactly alike, but different from those of other substances. There is not a regular gradation in the mass of molecules from that of hydrogen, which is the least of those known to us, to that of bismuth; but they all fall into a limited number of classes or species, the individuals of each species being exactly similar to each other, and no intermediate links are found to connect one species with another by a uniform gradation. In the case of molecules, however, each individual is permanent; there is no generation or destruction, and no variation, or rather no difference, between the individuals of each species. Our molecules are unalterable by any of the processes which go on in the present state of things, and every individual of each species is of exactly the same magnitude, as though they had all been cast in the same mould like bullets, and not merely selected and

grouped according to their size, like small shot."

I think it evident that the statements here quoted, some of which involve no small amount of assumption, no longer accord with facts, for we actually do find variations between the properties of certain molecules which heretofore had been pronounced identical with each other. Take the case of yttrium. It had its definite atomic weight, it behaved in every respect as a simple body, an element, to which we might indeed add, but from which we could not take away. Yet this yttrium, this supposed homogeneous whole, on being submitted to a certain method of fractionation is resolved into portions not absolutely identical among themselves, and exhibiting a gradation of properties. Or take the case of didymium. Here was a body betraying all the recognized characters of an element. It had been separated with much difficulty from other bodies which approximated closely to it in their properties, and during this crucial process it had undergone very severe treatment and very close scrutiny. In short, until lately we might have said of it just what Clerk-Maxwell says of hydrogen, that the quality which we assert to exist between the molecules of didymium applies to each individual molecule, and not merely to the average of groups of millions of molecules. But then came another chemist, who, treating this assumed homogeneous body by a peculiar process of fractionation, resolved it into the two bodies praseodymium and neodymium, between which certain distinctions are perceptible. Further, we even now have no certainty that neodymium and praseodymium are simple bodies. On the contrary, they likewise exhibit symptoms of splitting up.

Now, if one supposed element on proper treatment is thus found to comprise dissimilar molecules, we are surely warranted in asking whether similar results might not be obtained in other elements, perhaps in all elements, if treated in the right way. We may even ask where the process of sorting out is to stop — a process which of course presupposes variations between the individual molecules of each species. And in these successive separations we naturally find bodies approaching more and more closely to each other. Dr. Auer von Welsbach, the discoverer of neodymium and praseodymium, remarks that these bodies "approximate more closely to each other than any two supposed simple bodies yet known." Thus we approach

nearer and nearer either to a regular gradation in the molecules or to the recognition of those intermediate links, which I have named meta-elements or elementoids.

A suggestion here occurs that it may be to the presence of these meta-elements that so many of the chemical elements, while approaching closely in their atomic weights the values required by Prout's law, deviate from it by a small but measurable amount. We can scarcely regard their approximation as purely accidental. We now come to the last objection pertinently put forth by Clerk-Maxwell to the hypothesis that the elements are not absolutely homogeneous. He writes: "It is difficult to conceive of selection and elimination of intermediate varieties, for where can these eliminated molecules have gone to if, as we have reason to believe, the hydrogen, etc., of the fixed stars is composed of molecules identical in all respects with our own?"

In the first place we may call in question this absolute molecular identity, since we have hitherto had no means for coming to a conclusion save the means furnished by the spectroscope, while it is admitted that for accurately comparing and discriminating the spectra of two bodies they should be examined under identical states of temperature, pressure, and all other physical conditions. We have certainly seen, in the spectrum of the sun, rays which we have not been able to identify. We have supposed the cosmic cycle re-entering in successive periods, during a fall of temperature, the same region — say, for instance, where chlorine, bromine, or iodine have been formed. If most of the atoms present approximate more or less closely to 35·5, 80, or 127 — the atomic weights of these three bodies — they will be in consequence easily disposed of. But there may be besides a few intermediate atoms having, say, atomic weights of between 36 and 79 and between 81 and 126. These atoms will be attracted to the masses on one side or the other of the cyclical track. We can even imagine sparse atoms scattered so far from the centre line of track as to be midway between chlorine and bromine or between bromine and iodine; these wanderers likewise will be slowly picked up and will gravitate to chlorine, bromine, or iodine; and, being thus accounted for, none need be eliminated. It is not impossible, moreover, that the elementary atoms themselves are not the same now as when first generated. For if an atom has commenced its

existence at a certain epoch, and may go through such vicissitudes that it will cease to exist, it seems at least probable that it may undergo inward change. These vicissitudes probably directly affect only the primary motions which constitute the existence of the atom, but they indirectly, and only in a slight degree, affect those secondary motions which produce all the effects we can observe — chemical effects, heat effects, electrical, and so on. Thus, while the life of an atom may be waning away under the various experiences to which it is subjected, it may, and probably does, appear to us the same as at first. But perhaps not quite, so that atoms originally alike, taken from different minerals collected at widely separated stations on the earth, may have had sufficiently different past histories to have come to be markedly different in regard to the primary motions which elude our observation, and through the very slight influence which changes in the primary motions have on the secondary motions, may be just perceptibly different under our experiments.

From this point of view a rare element, like a rare plant or animal, is one which has failed to develop in harmony with its surroundings. This view lends itself very naturally to the facts we encounter in our fractionation experiments. Where all the ultimate atoms have precisely identical rates of vibration any fractionation is impossible. Where such rates are not identical the process proves successful, and the all the more easily the wider the differences among the vibration rates of the ultimate atoms. The bodies thus split off necessarily very closely approximate to each other, and the further we push our fractionations the less marked are the differences. But as we review the series of elements arranged on the curve I adopted from Professor Emerson Reynolds to illustrate my address on "The Genesis of the Elements," delivered before the chemical section of the British Association (Birmingham meeting), we cannot fail to be struck by a consideration which at first sight appears absolutely fatal to the notion of the production of the elements from a series of knots, as just described.

If the element which we call aluminium has been formed from ultimate atoms having rates of vibration of the rate 27, or a little more or less so as to give a mean of 27, and if the atoms between aluminium and the next element in the series have in this manner been sorted out to the one hand or the other, leaving a void between, we should expect that their properties

would not differ very widely from each other, or at least that they would present considerable analogies.

Now, to a certain extent this is actually the case. Upon aluminium follows silicon. We may perhaps conceive these two elements as springing from the differentiation of a nearly homogeneous swarm of ultimate atoms. But if we pursue the curve onwards, what elements follow? Phosphorus, sulphur, and chlorine — bodies heterologous with each other and heterologous with silicon. We can scarcely imagine original atoms, so to speak, in doubt which of two aggregations they should join, the one being silicon and the other phosphorus. Nor can we conceive of anything being split off from sulphur which should make even the slightest approximation to chlorine. It appears to me, however, that these difficulties are more apparent than real. In the Birmingham address already referred to I asked my audience to picture the action of two forces on the original protyle — one being time, accompanied by a lowering of temperature; the other, swinging to and fro like a mighty pendulum, having periodic cycles of ebb and swell, rest and activity, being intimately connected with the imponderable matter, essence, or source of energy we call electricity.

Now, a simile like this effects its object if it fixes in the mind the particular fact it is intended to emphasize, but it must not be expected necessarily to run parallel with all the facts. Besides the lowering of temperature with the periodic ebb and flow of electricity, positive or negative, requisite to confer on the newly born elements their particular atomicity, it is evident that a third factor must be taken into account. Nature does not act on a flat plane; she demands space for her cosmogonic operations, and if we introduce space as the third factor all appears clear. Instead of a pendulum, which, though to a certain extent a good illustration, is impossible as a fact, let us seek some more satisfactory way of representing what I conceive may have taken place. Let us suppose the zigzag diagram not drawn upon a plane, but projected in space of three dimensions. What figure can we best select to meet all the conditions involved? Many of the facts can be well explained by supposing the projection in space of Professor Emerson Reynolds's zigzag curve to be a spiral. This figure is, however, inadmissible, inasmuch as the curve has to pass through a point neutral as to electricity and chemical en-

ergy twice in each cycle. We must therefore adopt some other figure. A figure of eight or lemniscate will foreshorten into a zigzag just as well as a spiral, and it fulfils every condition of the problem. Such a figure will result from three very simple simultaneous motions. First, a simple oscillation backwards and forwards (suppose east and west); secondly, a simple oscillation at right angles to the former (suppose north and south) of half the periodic time — *i.e.*, twice as fast; and thirdly, a motion at right angles to these two (suppose downwards), which, in its simplest form, would be with unvarying velocity. If we project this figure in space we find on examination that the points of the curves where chlorine, bromine, and iodine are formed come close under each other; so also will sulphur, selenium, and tellurium; again, phosphorus, arsenic, and antimony; and in like manner other series of analogous bodies.

It may be asked whether this scheme explains how and why the elements appear in this order? Let us imagine a cyclical translation in space, each revolution witnessing the genesis of the group of elements which I previously represented as produced during one complete vibration of the pendulum. Let us suppose that one cycle has thus been completed, the centre of the unknown creative force in its mighty journey through space having scattered along its track the primitive atoms — the seeds, if I may use the expression — which presently are to coalesce and develop into the groupings now known as lithium, beryllium, boron, carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, fluorine, sodium, magnesium, aluminium, silicon, phosphorus, sulphur, and chlorine. What is most probably the form of track now pursued? Were it strictly confined to the same plane of temperature and time, the next elementary groupings to appear would again have been those of lithium, and the original cycle would have been eternally repeated, producing again and again the same fourteen elements. The conditions, however, are not quite the same. Space and electricity are as at first, but temperature has altered, and thus, instead of the atoms of lithium being supplemented with atoms in all respects analogous with themselves, the atomic groupings which come into being when the second cycle commences form, not lithium, but its lineal descendant, potassium. Suppose, therefore, the *vis generatrix* travelling to and fro in cycles along a lemniscate path as above suggested, while simultaneously temperature is de-

clining and time is flowing on — variations which I have endeavored to represent by the downward sink — each coil of the lemniscate track crosses the same vertical line at lower and lower points. Projected in space, the curve shows a central line neutral as far as electricity is concerned and neutral in chemical properties — positive electricity on the north, negative on the south. Dominant atomicities are governed by the distance east and west from the neutral centre line, monatomic elements being one remove from it, diatomic two removes, and so on. In every successive coil the same law holds good. As the mighty focus of creative energy goes round we see it in successive cycles sowing in one tract of space seeds of lithium, potassium, rubidium, and caesium ; in another tract, chlorine, bromine, and iodine ; in a third, sodium, copper, silver, and gold ; in a fourth, sulphur, selenium, and tellurium ; in a fifth, beryllium, calcium, strontium, and barium ; in a sixth, magnesium, zinc, cadmium, and mercury ; in a seventh, phosphorus, arsenic, antimony, and bismuth ; in other tracts, aluminium, gallium, indium, and thallium ; silicon, germanium, and tin ; carbon, titanium and zirconium ; while a natural position near the neutral axis is found for the three groups of elements relegated by Professor Mendeleeff to a sort of hospital for incurables — his eighth family.

We have now traced the formation of the chemical elements from knots and voids in a primitive, formless fluid. We have shown the possibility, nay, the probability, that the atoms are not eternal in existence, but share with all other created beings the attributes of decay and death. We have shown, from arguments drawn from the chemical laboratory, that in matter which has responded to every test of an element, there are minute shades of difference which may admit of selection. We have seen that the time-honored distinction between elements and compounds no longer keeps pace with the developments of chemical science, but must be modified to include a vast array of intermediate bodies — meta-elements. We have shown how the objections of Clerk-Maxwell, weighty as they are, may be met ; and, finally, we have adduced reasons for believing that primitive matter was formed by the act of a generative force, throwing off at intervals of time atoms endowed with varying quantities of primitive forms of energy. If we may hazard any conjectures as to the source of energy embodied in a chemical atom, we may, I think, pre-

mise that the heat radiations propagated outwards through the ether from the ponderable matter of the universe, by some process of nature not yet known to us, are transformed at the confines of the universe into the primary — the essential — motions of chemical atoms, which, the instant they are formed, gravitate inwards, and thus restore to the universe the energy which otherwise would be lost to it through radiant heat. If this conjecture be well founded, Sir William Thomson's startling prediction of the final decrepitude of the universe through the dissipation of its energy falls to the ground.

In this fashion, gentlemen, it seems to me that the great question of the elements may be provisionally treated. Our slender knowledge of these first mysteries is extending steadily, surely, though slowly. While certain ardent chemists are testing the commonly received view of the homogeneity of the elements by methods of fractionation, others, by means of the spectroscope, are carrying on another form of assault ; each worker bent on the one idea of undermining the secret. I earnestly recommend such researches. However successfully pursued, they cannot, I know, lead directly to any results capable of being turned to industrial account. If, however, we consider the small but firm foothold we have gained in pursuit of this line of investigation, I venture to think there is reasonable ground to hope that these researches may tend to place chemistry upon a new foundation, by penetrating down through loose, superficial matter to the solid rock. The application of the luminous principle of evolution has remodelled and vivified many branches of biology ; and philosophers are eagerly invoking its aid in other departments of science ; I would fain hope that I may not be deemed unduly sanguine in believing that the application of this regenerating principle to chemistry will produce far-reaching effects on its harmonious and progressive development.

From Temple Bar.
THE HERMIT OF LE CROISIC.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.
BY H. DE BALZAC.

SOME years ago a friend of mine and I took a summer trip to Le Croisic, a small seaport town in southern Brittany, situated at the extreme point of a diminutive peninsula which juts out into the ocean

just above the spot where the sand-stained waters of the majestic Loire mingle with those of the blue Atlantic. One fine morning, tempted by a bright blue sky, we sallied forth and wandered along the beach in the direction of the Bourg de Batz, till we had left Le Croisic so far behind us that its roofs and towers looked like a dark grey cloud upon the dim horizon. At the spot which we had now reached, the rock-bound coast presented a most drear and desolate aspect. There was not a single human being in sight, and the melancholy cries of the sea-mews, circling high above our heads, did but serve to increase the sense of utter solitude inspired by the surrounding scene.

Suddenly, on rounding a bold promontory of granite which had effectually shut out the view of what lay before us, we descried a human figure advancing towards us along the sands. As he drew near, we perceived that he was barefooted, and that his only garments consisted of a beggarly pair of canvas trousers, all frayed and worn at the bottom, and full of clumsy darns and patches; a shirt of coarse sail-cloth, and a jacket which was simply one mass of rags. The fresh-caught lobster and sea-urchin dangling from the string which he carried in his right hand proved him to be a fisherman. Deeply commiserating his obvious penury, my friend hailed him with the intention of purchasing his fish, and so sparing him the fatigue of a possibly fruitless journey to Le Croisic.

"Where are you going to sell your fish, my good fellow?" said my friend.

"In the town yonder," replied the fisherman, pointing in the direction of Le Croisic.

"And how much do you expect to get for it?"

"Eightpence for the lobster, and ten-pence for the urchin, sir."

"What say you to five francs for the pair?" inquired my friend.

The poor man stared at him in mute amazement, evidently half-suspecting that we were indulging in a joke at his expense. I soon dispelled his suspicions, however, by tendering him a brand-new five-franc piece.

He took the coin, and, after eying it for a moment, spat upon it—for luck, no doubt—and slipped it into his pocket. Then, by way of showing his gratitude for our liberality, he volunteered to pilot us as far as the Bourg de Batz, and thence back to Le Croisic, by a short cut of which we knew nothing. We gladly accepted his

offer; and as we trudged along together, he gave us a short and simple record of his life. We found it deeply interesting, though extremely sad. In brief, it was the story of a son who had foregone every solace of the poor man's existence—a home of his own, wife, and children—for the sake of a blind and aged father too feeble to support himself.

Long ere we reached the Bourg de Batz the summer sun had attained its meridian height, and we began to feel its almost perpendicular rays intolerably oppressive. Under these circumstances I suggested that we should seek shelter from the noon-day heat in the shadow of a towering rock which rose a little to the left of the path we were pursuing, and to which I pointed as I spoke.

Our guide glanced in the direction indicated, and faintly murmured, "There is a man there. Everybody as passes this way goes half a mile round to shun that rock."

"But why should they shun it?" I enquired. "Is the man you speak of a brigand or a murderer?"

The fisherman's only answer to this question was a shudder.

"Is the man likely to molest us if we go near him?" I continued.

"Oh, no, not he!"

"Will you accompany us if we go?"

"Not I, sir, begging your pardon."

"Well, then, we will go by ourselves, since you assure us that we may do so in perfect safety."

"Oh! I don't say that, sir. I only say as the man *himself* won't harm you. He'll neither budge an inch, nor open his lips."

By this time we were within five-and-twenty paces of the rock, and our guide struck into a by-path, leaving us to pursue our course in the direction of a cave which he had pointed out to us in the side of the rock. We soon reached a steep ascent leading up to a small esplanade in front of the cave, which was fully a hundred feet above the level of the sea. On gaining the esplanade we beheld a man seated on a block of detached granite—a man of Herculean build, with large hirsute hands, and wild bloodshot eyes which glared at us for a moment as we approached, and then wandered back to the surface of the ocean, on which they continued to gaze intently during the remainder of our brief stay. To judge solely from his stalwart and muscular frame, no one would have taken him to be more than fifty; but his hair was white as the driven snow, and his face—which was the very picture of de-

spair — was deeply furrowed. Further description it would be vain to attempt; for, feeling that we were intruding upon some unspeakable sorrow, we hastened to retrace our steps, leaving him, as we found him, seemingly glued to the stone on which he sat, and of which he almost appeared to form a part, and gazing intently seawards. What was it that he saw there?

"Well, did you see him, gentlemen?" asked our guide, when we rejoined him some five minutes afterwards.

"Yes; but who and what is he?" I replied.

"They call him 'the man with the vow.' The folks at Le Croisic and the Bourg de Batz believe as he's committed some crime for which he's doing penance. Others believe as Bend-the-sea — for that's his right name — has the evil eye, and so they always give that rock a wide berth. Other folks will have it that Bend-the-sea has made a vow, and that's how he came by his nickname. And sure enough he never stirs from that rock, day or night; nor speaks a word to any one — not even to the little lass, a niece of his, as brings him his bread and water every morning."

"But, my poor fellow," I interrupted, "can't you tell us what it was that induced him to isolate himself from his fellow-creatures? Was it grief, or madness, or remorse?"

"Ah, sir, that's a question as nobody but me and my father can answer. My mother, God rest her soul, was servant to the magistrate as Bend-the-sea made a confession to, by order of the priest; she, being in the kitchen adjoining her master's dining-room, couldn't help overhearing what Bend-the-sea said to him. Well, she's dead and gone; and the magistrate, he's dead and gone. And my poor mother, she made me and father swear — before she'd tell us what she'd overheard — as we'd never breathe a word about it to any soul hereabouts. But I may tell *you*, gentlemen, as comes from furrin parts. Well, you must know as Peter Bend-the-sea — him as you saw yonder — is the head of his family, as have been seafaring men from father to son for generations past — their name's enough to tell you that much. Ay, they sailed the sea; and Peter, he owned two or three tidy smacks, and turned sardine-fisher. He'd have fitted up a vessel, and gone cod-fishing, if he hadn't been so fond of his wife, as was an uncommon fine girl when he married her, and had a kind heart into the bargain. Ay, and she was as fond of him as he

was of her. She could never bear him to be out of her sight no longer than was absolutely needful for him to be away, after the sardines. They lived in yonder little house as you can see on yonder island. Well, they had but one child, a boy; and I needn't tell you that they loved him. They just worshipped him. I don't know what they wouldn't have done for him. They were always a-buying him something or other — toys, frocks — anything you like to name. In fact, they completely spoilt him. And a terrible Turk he turned out, always in some kind of scrape! But his father, he only laughed when neighbors would come and complain as how Jim — that was his name — had been up to this bit of mischief or that, 'half-murdering our Molly,' or 'giving our Jack a fearful pair of black eyes.' And so things went on. Neither Peter nor his wife could see any harm in Jim. Whatever he did was sure to be right. Well, by the time he was sixteen, the lad takes to whisking off to Guérande whenever he had a mind, a-courting the girls, and drinking, and playing billiards. You want cash to carry on that sort of game, and so Jim takes to helping himself out of the hoard in his mother's old stocking. She, poor soul, durstn't breathe a word of it to her good man, though she knew of it right enough. Why, bless your heart! Peter Bend-the-sea was a man to go five-and-twenty miles on foot to pay back a farthing as he'd been overpaid. Well, when Master Jim had stripped his mother of every penny she possessed, what must he needs do, one fine day when her back was turned, but go and sell whatever he could lay his hands upon — tables, chairs, linen, plate — leaving little else but the bare walls. And then away he went, to play high jinks with the money at Nantes. Well, there was no hiding what he'd done from his father this time. When he came back from the sardine-fishing he must be told, as sure as fate. And she was mortally afraid to tell him — not for her own sake, you may depend, but for Jim's. Well, back comes Peter, and sees the house a-most refurnished with the things as the neighbors had lent to his wife. 'What's the meaning of this?' says he. 'We've been robbed, Peter,' says his poor wife, more dead than alive. 'What's gone with Jim, then?' says Peter. 'Oh, he's off on one of his sprees,' says she. 'He's a deal too fond of his sprees,' says Peter; and there the matter ended for that while.

"Six months afterwards poor Peter

heard that the police were on his son's track at Nantes. So off he trudges there afoot, ferrets Jim out, and brings him home by the scruff of his neck. He never asks him what he'd done amiss ; but he says to him, says he, ' If you don't stop here and live decent and respectable with me and your mother for a couple of years, you and me will have a crow to pluck together.' But the scamp wouldn't be said — not he. He just fancies he can twist his father and mother round his little finger. So he takes and pulls a face at Peter. Peter gives him a cuff as lays Master Jim on his beam ends for a matter of six weeks. His poor mother, she a-most broke her heart over it. Well, one night, as she was quietly sleeping by her good man's side, she hears a noise as wakes her. Up she jumps, and the first thing she feels is a stab in the arm, as makes her scream out. Peter, he wakes, strikes a light, and sees her bleeding. He fancies it must be a thief — as if there was such a thing in these parts, where you might carry a sack of gold from Croisic to St. Nazaire, and no one so much as ask what you'd got in your hand ! Well, Peter goes and looks for Jim. Jim was nowhere to be found. But in the morning in he comes, as cool as a cucumber, and has the face to tell 'em as he's been spending the night at Batz. No need to say as all this time his mother was at her wits' end to find a safe hiding-place for her money. As for Peter's, Lawyer Dupotel of Croisic always took care of it for him. Of course, Master Jim's pranks had cost the old folks a pretty penny by this time. In fact, they was well-nigh ruined. And that was hard for folks as had been worth — house and all, together — a matter of four or five hundred pounds. Nobody ever knew how much it cost Peter to get his son out of that scrape at Nantes, when the police were after him, and it seemed as if the whole family were doomed to bad luck. For everything had been going wrong with Peter's brother. And so, to comfort him, Peter says to him, ' My Jim and your Polly must make a match of it one of these days.' Meantime, to keep him from starving, Peter gives him a berth in his fishing-smack ; and Peter's wife she takes and sews a real Spanish doubloon in a bit of a bag and shoves it into her mattress, with ' For Polly ' written on it, as large as life, in her own handwriting — for she was a good scholar, was Peter's wife.

"Well, no mortal could ever tell how Jim came to nose that bit of gold ; but

nose it he did, and off with it to Le Croisic, to spend it in pleasure. But, as chance would have it, back comes Peter from his fishing that very night ; and what does he see, floating on the top of the water, close by the landing-place, but a scrap of paper, which he picks up and carries home to his wife, who falls back in a dead swoon as soon as ever she sees ' For Polly,' in her own handwriting, on the scrap of paper. Peter, he holds his tongue, but goes straight to Le Croisic, and hears that his son is in the billiard-room at the inn. To the door of the inn he goes, and says to Dame Flowers, the landlady, ' I told our Jim not to spend a certain bit of gold as he'll be for paying you with presently. I'll wait here, and when he gives it you, you just bring it to me, and I'll give you its full value in silver.' By-and-by Dame Flowers brings him the doubloon, he gives her the value of it, and takes it straight home. All the folks at Le Croisic know that much, but they can only give a rough guess at what I'm going to tell you. As soon as he gets home, Peter bids his wife clean up the parlor, then he makes up the fire, lights a couple of candles, sets two chairs on one side of the hearth and a three-legged stool on the other, and orders his wife to get out his and her own wedding-clothes — as was laid up safe in a coffer — and brush them up a bit. Then he puts on his wedding-clothes, and goes to his brother's house, and asks him to be on the lookout in front of his (Peter's) house, and give him warning if he hears any one a-landing on the island. After that he goes back home by the time he thought his wife would have got her wedding-clothes on, loads his gun, and hides it in the chimney-corner. Presently back comes Jim — late enough, you may be sure, when I tell you that he'd stayed at Le Croisic till ten o'clock, drinking and gambling.

"As soon as ever he shows his face, his father says to him, ' Sit you down on yonder stool ; you're in the presence of your father and mother, whom you've offended, and now they're going to judge you.' Thereupon Jim begins to whimper, seeing as how there was a fearsome look in his father's face, while the mother was a-sitting there as stiff as an oar. ' If you cry, or stir from that stool — if you don't sit there as still as a mouse, I'll shoot you like a dog,' says Peter. And so Jim sits there as dumb as a fish, and his mother, she never opens her mouth. ' Look here,' says Peter, ' there was a Spanish doubloon in this bit of paper. That doubloon was in

your mother's mattress ; and no one but her, as put it there, knew it was there. I found this piece of paper a-floating on the water when I landed. This very evening you gave that d'oublon to Dame Flowers, and your mother has missed hers from the bed. Now what have you got to say for yourself ?' Jim takes and swears as he never touched his mother's d'oublon, and that the one he'd paid away was one that he had left when he came away from Nantes, after his frolic. 'So much the better,' says Peter. 'But how can you prove the truth of your words ? Will you take your sacred solemn oath as you didn't steal your mother's d'oublon ?' Jim was quite ready to swear by all his hopes of heaven. But his mother stopped him. 'Jim, my boy,' says she, 'beware ! Don't forswear yourself ! You may turn out a good boy yet, if you'll only repent and mend your ways.' And with that she burst out crying. 'You're an old this and an old that, as always wanted to bring me to ruin !' cries Jim. Whereupon Peter he turns pale, and cries, 'What you've just said to your mother will help to swell my account against you. Come, now, are you prepared to swear ?' 'Yes,' says Jim. 'Stop a moment,' says his father. 'Had your d'oublon got this same cross upon it as the sardine-merchant from whom I took it put upon our piece ?' This question staggers and sobers Jim a bit, and he begins to blubber. 'Enough said !' cries his father. 'I'm not going to tax you with your old misdeeds. But look you here, I won't see a Bend-the-sea swinging on the gallows in front of Croisic gaol. So make haste and say your prayers. A priest will be here directly to confess you.'

"Meantime Jim's mother had left the house, to escape hearing her son's condemnation. While she was outside, in comes Peter's brother with the rector of Piriac. But Jim was far too artful to make any confession ; he thought he knew his father well enough to make sure that he'd never kill him till he *had* confessed. Well, seeing Jim so obstinate, Peter says to the priest, 'Thank you, sir, all the same, for coming. I'm sorry to have troubled you ; but I just wanted to give my son a lesson ; and I beg you to be good enough to keep the matter quiet. As for you, Jim, the very next time I catch you going astray, your fate is sealed, confession or no confession !'

"Then he sent him up-stairs to bed. The lad, firmly believing as his father meant to let him off scot-free, went quietly to sleep. But Peter sat up ; and as

soon as ever he heard Jim snoring, he takes and gags him with a handful of tow and a strip of sail-cloth, and binds him hand and foot. The poor mother flings herself at her husband's feet and begs him to stay his hand. But Peter only says to her, 'He's doomed. Come and help me to carry him to the boat.' Of course she refuses. So Bend-the-sea carries him alone, ties a big stone to his neck, and rows out into the open sea, as far as the rock where you saw him. Meantime his poor wife prays her brother-in-law to row her after him ; and follows him in another boat, crying aloud for mercy. She might as well have prayed to a ravening wolf. It was a bright moonlight night ; and presently the poor woman saw her husband lift the lad from the bottom of the boat and fling him overboard. Not a breath of wind was stirring, and she distinctly heard the loud splash which told her that her only child was drowned — and then nothing ! Ah ! the sea is a desperate sure prison ! Poor creature ! The shock killed her. The two brothers had to carry her from the boat back to the house ; and she died within the week, imploring her husband, with her last breath, to burn the accursed boat. And burn it he did. After that, he seemed to have lost his wits. He knew no more than a madman what he was about. When he walked, he reeled and staggered like a drunken man. Then he took a journey somewhere, and was away for a fortnight. When he came back he went straight to the place where you saw him ; and there he has ever since remained, never speaking to any living soul."

From The Westminster Review.
REMINISCENCES OF CARDINAL
MAZARIN.*

WE return to the "Memoirs of the Chevalier de Rochefort," which are replete with pictures of French life as it existed during the earlier part of the seventeenth century. In attempting, however, to make a selection such as our space will admit of, we encounter an *embarras de richesses*, every page bristling with some amusing or exciting adventure, illustrating the manners and characteristics of an age in which the

* Mémoires de M. le Comte de Rochefort : contenant ce qui s'est passé de plus particulier sous le Ministre du Cardinal de Richelieu et du Cardinal Mazarin, avec plusieurs particularités remarquables du Règne de Louis le Grand. Seconde édition. A Cologne : chez Pierre Marteau. 1700.

weaknesses of human nature are dealt with with a *naïveté* that often needs some discretion upon the part of an editor.

After the death of Cardinal de Richelieu, the Chevalier de Rochefort seems to have passed into the service of his successor, Cardinal Mazarin, whom he found quite as exacting, but much more austere and far less liberal, than his predecessor, and for whom he appears to have been pretty constantly engaged in business of a secret and confidential nature. When not actually employed, he occasionally amused himself with his friends, and he gives us a rather graphic account of what we might call a spree, ending disastrously. He says : —

" However, in the intervals of Cardinal Mazarin's service, I sometimes sought how to pass away my time, and, it having chanced that I had joined the set of the Comte de Harcourt, the younger son of the present Duc d'Elbœuf, I found myself one day engaged in a drunken revel with them. After everybody had drunk to excess, some one proposed that we should go and commit some robberies on the Pont Neuf. These were the pleasures that the Duc d'Orléans had made quite the fashion at that time. For some time I refused to go, but the majority carried their point, and I followed them in spite of myself. The Chevalier de Rieux, the younger son of the Marquis de Sordeac, who had been of my way of thinking, was no sooner arrived on the bridge than he said we had better do as the others did, and proposed that we should get up on to the bronze horse of Henri IV. in order that we might see at our ease who came along. No sooner said than done ; we climbed up to the horse's head and used the reins for our feet, both of us sitting on the neck. The others lay in wait for the passers-by, and took four or five cloaks, but, some one who had been robbed having gone to make a complaint, the archers came, and our party, finding themselves outnumbered, took precipitately to flight. We intended to do the like, but the bronze reins having broken under the weight of the Chevalier de Rieux, he fell flat on the pavement, whilst I remained perched up like some bird of prey. The archers did not need their dark lanterns to discover us, for the Chevalier de Rieux, who was a good deal hurt, called out pretty lustily, and they, running to the spot from whence the noise proceeded, secured him and made me come down whether I would or not, and carried us both off to the châtelet.

" As one is always pretty certain to

have some enemies there were a few who took a particular pleasure in talking about this adventure, and thus it came to the ears of Cardinal Mazarin, who, possessing sovereign authority, determined to make an example of us, and commanded that we should be treated with the utmost possible severity. We were then interrogated with all the precautions that it is customary to take with the worst criminals. This was particularly the case with regard to myself, who had had some time ago some words with the provost of the city, who had got an idea into his head that I had stood in his light with Cardinal de Richelieu. If I had really been guilty of this act I would not have complained, and I told him so ; but, having nothing whatever on my conscience to reproach myself with, I freely answered all his questions, which pleased him, he not doubting but that after that he would have plenty of opportunity for showing me his ill-will. Indeed, I noticed that the *grefier*, who was in league with him, wrote down in my deposition a number of things that I had never said, so that when it was finished I was not content with simply hearing him read it over, but I asked to be allowed to read it over myself before I signed it. Upon this he replied that such was not the custom, and that he could not make new laws especially to please me. This speech made me more suspicious still, so I told him resolutely that I should not sign it without, whereon he violently abused me, and sent me at once to a dungeon. God knows what was my despair when I saw myself thus treated as an assassin or a highwayman. I could not see the way to get out of this disaster at all, and he kept me so closely locked up that I had no opportunity of speaking to any one except the gaolers. I begged one of these to carry a letter to one of my friends, and intreated him to bring me some ink and paper, so that I might write to them, but the promise that I made him of a reward for this service as soon as I should get out of prison, instead of touching him, only caused him to say a thousand annoying things quite sufficient to render an honest man desperate.

" Cardinal Mazarin, having fully determined to make an example in Paris, where it was high time to put a stop to the robberies that were of daily occurrence in the city, ordered the provost to bring him the depositions taken in our case, and, having seen the garbled version that they had drawn up, he told him to proceed at once with the prosecution. This order had

been given too publicly to allow the gentlemen of the court to ignore it, and, as the Chevalier de Rieux was a man of quality, they were obliged to interfere in his behalf for fear of giving offence to so powerful a family as his. They therefore went in search of the provost, who told them that he should be only too delighted to oblige them, provided it could be done without my obtaining a like benefit; that our affair being the same it would be necessary that those whom we had said had been with us should submit themselves to be examined, which had not been done as yet on account of their high rank, and that they must allege that it was I, who had not only first proposed to go upon the Pont Neuf, but who had actually committed the offences laid to their charge. These gentlemen accepted the task, and I found myself all of a sudden charged with a thousand things of which I had never even dreamed. I was thus upon the point of becoming the victim of the provost, and I should undoubtedly have become his victim if God had not sent me help from a quarter where I least expected it. There came one day into my cell, with her husband, the wife of one of the gaolers, and she, taking compassion on me, regarded me with a more pitiable manner than any one had done for a long time. She did not dare to say a word to me in presence of her husband, but coming a second time she found the opportunity of thrusting a little note under the mattress of my bed, which I took out when she was gone. It was to the effect that she pitied me, seeing that the provost was acting against me solely from motives of private revenge, and that I was indubitably lost if I did not at once get some one of consideration to take my part; that she would contrive to bring me pen, ink, and paper, and would take care to deliver any letter that I wrote. This advice could not have been more seasonable, for the provost had added still more to the depositions than there was at first, the archers now affirming that they had found me not upon the bronze horse, as they had said at first, but that they had taken me in the very act of committing a robbery. I wrote two letters, one to Cardinal Mazarin, and one to M. de Marillac, the son of him who had been keeper of the seals. M. de Marillac applied in my name to the Parlement, and, he having a good many relations and friends in the Parlement, I ultimately obtained my liberty.

"The Chevalier de Rieux was scarcely better treated in the prison than I was,

and, as we were both accused of the same crime, the provost had been obliged to put him also into one of the very worst dungeons, for fear of letting it be known that he had acted against me only through revenge. This chevalier was very little better than his elder brother, who was well known in Paris as a thoroughly licentious fellow, and, like him, had his soul blackened with innumerable crimes; thus he thought that God had made him fall into this disaster in order to punish him for his faults. Resembling then those people who make a thousand good resolutions when they see themselves on the point of being shipwrecked, he made a vow entirely to change his life if he should only be able to get out of prison; but he very soon forgot all about his good resolutions, and recommenced his old courses, until, having now run through everything that he had, he was obliged to come into S. Sulpice for the bare means of subsistence. This life, however, was incompatible with his inclinations, and he very soon quitted the cassock and cotta, and lived for several more years in the world, but, having got into some more rather serious scrapes, he embraced for the second time the ecclesiastical profession, and, fearing human justice quite as much as divine, he became a priest, and is now *curé* of a parish in Normandy, where, however, not very much good is said of him even now."

A little farther on M. de Rochefort gives a very graphic account of a duel. He says: "There was at court a gentleman of Normandy, named Breauté, brave, well-made, but of a presumption so extraordinary that it caused one to disregard his otherwise good qualities. He had doubtless inherited this failing from the Marquis de Breauté, his near relative, who had such an extremely good opinion of himself that he had upon one occasion challenged twenty-five Spaniards to fight him, one after the other; but Grobendone, the governor of Bois-le-duc, disgusted with his arrogance, told him that he would have quite enough to do with one only, and, to show him that what he said was the truth, he told him to go and take four-and-twenty Frenchmen with him, and he, on his part, would send twenty-five Spaniards against them. Breauté felt extremely annoyed at this answer, but, nevertheless, having asked permission of the Prince of Orange, with whose troops he was then serving, to be allowed to accept the challenge, he did so, and fought so badly that he was killed, together with twenty-two of his seconds. The remain-

ing two demanded quarter, and, being sent as prisoners to Bois-le-duc, Grobendone put them to death, a deed which sullied the victory that those of his side had otherwise gained; he, however, gave it as his reason that all the combatants had sworn to fight to the very last drop of their blood, and that as these two men had not kept their word it was only just that they should expiate their perjury with their lives.

"Be this as it may, however, Breaute always had this combat of his relative on the tip of his tongue, and although he could not pride himself very much upon the result, yet he nevertheless was always citing it to show the great courage of his family, adding at the same time that, if these Spaniards of Grobendone's had only had him to deal with instead of the marquis, they would not have been let off quite so easily. I had heard him say this many times, and it had always raised a laugh among the company present, but, as experience had taught me that it is not always wise to deride even the follies of others, I had been the only one to preserve my composure, and so was far from thinking that I should be drawn into a quarrel with him. However, when I least expected it he obliged me to cross swords with him, upon the pretext that I had done precisely the same as the others had. My honor scarcely permitted me to disabuse him, yet suspecting that there was something else upon the cards, and being anxious to find it out, I said to him that if it were but this which obliged him to quarrel with me he could put his sword back in its scabbard, as I had never dreamt of doing that of which he accused me, and of this I had plenty of witnesses; that what I now said I did not say through any fear, as I believed that there had been ample proof of my courage on previous occasions. In saying these things I kept the length of my sword from him in order not to provoke the combat, but, refusing my explanation, or rather, being animated by some other motive, he ran at me in a fury and wounded me in the side. I no sooner found my blood trickling down than I became furious. I hastened to avenge myself, and, fortune seconding my courage, I passed my sword right through his thigh. He, however, soon had his revenge, and pierced my body through and through, so that, falling a moment or so after from faintness, he disarmed me.

"I strongly suspected that he had picked this quarrel with me at the instigation of the Comte de Harcourt, and these suspi-

cions were strengthened by what was told me next morning, namely, that he had carried my sword straight to the Comte de Harcourt's house; that to celebrate their victory they had held a great revel there, and that all those who were present were carried home in a pitiable state. My wound was too severe to be very quickly healed, for my lung was pierced quite through. Monseigneur the cardinal, who hated the Comte de Harcourt and all his family because they were always opposed to him, suspecting, as well as I did, that the whole affair originated with the comte in consequence of my being in his service, declared himself openly for me, and said in the presence of everybody that Breaute did extremely well to hide himself, as if he fell into his hands he would teach him how to lie in wait for people in order to quarrel with them. Cardinal Mazarin did not stop there, for, to spite the Comte de Harcourt, rather than from any real love he had for me, he sent me his own surgeon and a purse containing five hundred crowns."

Recovered from the effects of his duel, De Rochefort was subsequently engaged in a rather delicate affair for Cardinal Mazarin, attempting to negotiate with the Comte de Marcin, who had joined the party of the Prince de Condé, with the view of bringing him over to the side of the king. Rochefort, who had had one interview already with De Marcin, goes on to say: —

"M. le Comte de Marcin told me that this conversation had already been protracted far too long; that the Spaniards were getting suspicious; and that, as it would not do to increase their suspicions, he could not see me again at that house, and he begged me to go to Liége and to come to him at his château at Modave, where he should be in a week's time; that he did not know whether I should be able to pass through the Spanish places that I could not well avoid, and that he would have given me a passport if the Prince de Condé had been absent, but that, as it was, I had perhaps better address myself to the secretary of the Low Countries, as though I were simply a native of Liége, and that this kind of official did anything for money without asking too many questions. I thanked him for his advice, and indeed I did not want to be under any obligation to him, as I had taken all my precautions when I came to Brussels before for Cardinal Mazarin, so, instead of travelling by the highroad from Paris, I came down the Meuse in a trading-boat as

far as Namur. The Maréchal de Fabert, governor of Sedan, who had been warned by monseigneur the cardinal that I was coming on business of importance, had recommended me to the captain of the boat, and had given him instructions to take me safely to Charlemont or to Namur, and I disguised myself as if I had been one of the maréchal's servants.

" Being arrived at Namur I found there a man that monseigneur the cardinal kept in his service as a spy, and, having addressed myself to him, he procured for me a passport as a citizen of that town. Being thus provided, I went through Brussels in order to present myself at Modave at the time prescribed. I slept, the first night after I left Brussels, at Louvain, and the next day, having passed by Tirlemont, leaving the small town of Loo on the left hand, and continuing my journey, I entered, a league beyond, into the province of Liège. I waited six days at Liège for news of the Comte de Marcin, for there were people coming every day from the neighborhood of Modave, from whom I could learn when he should have arrived. At last, hearing that the servants, whom he always sent on in advance, were at the château, I started, and was there on the very day that he himself arrived. I was disguised as a stone-mason, as had been previously arranged between us, for no suspicion attached to this kind of people if they came to see him, for, as he was very fond of building, there was nothing out of the way in seeing him shut up with them, in order, perhaps, to make calculations as to the expense of some future work that he might be about to undertake. The moment he saw me he knew me at once, and asked me if I had brought the estimate that I had promised him. I said yes, and, drawing a paper out of my pocket, feigned to be about to place it in his hands, but he told me to keep it until he should have seen something of which he had spoken to another workman, when we could then go together into his room.

" In order to allay any suspicion, he said, speaking to me from such a distance that I could scarcely hear him, that he did not think that I should be able to do what he wanted, that he knew that I had come purposely from Cologne, where I dwelt, but that some one had told him that I could not do what he required, as I had not the skill. This very much rejoiced some people who were standing by, and who were envying me, fearing that I was come to take the bread out of their mouths. However, the Comte de Marcin, taking a

few turns, at length went into his private room, and I was shut up with him. I then asked him for an answer as to what I had offered him. He replied that it was very easy to give me that, and at the same time he stated his requirements, which were that he should be made a marshal of France, governor of a province, chevalier of the order at the next promotion, general of the army, either in Italy or in Catalonia, and in addition that he should receive two hundred thousand crowns down.

" These demands were so exorbitant that I was utterly astonished; nevertheless, as the margin of my instructions exceeded what I had proposed in my first interview with him, I told him that I had written to Cardinal Mazarin since I had first had the honor of seeing him, and that I now possessed his Eminence's final instructions; that in place of the governorship of a province which I had offered him in the first instance, the cardinal would give him the bâton of a marshal of France, with which he thought he would be better pleased; that he ordered me to offer him one hundred thousand crowns down, and that, besides, he would give him every assurance that he should have the *cordon bleu* as soon as ever the king could be prevailed upon to bestow it.

" He was exceedingly angry at these proposals, and asked me whether monseigneur the cardinal wished to make a difference between him and Maréchal Foucaut, to whom, with this same decoration, had been given no less than fifty thousand louis d'or. I told him that the cases were entirely different; that he was not the master of a strong place as was Maréchal Foucaut; that the cardinal, in according to Maréchal Foucaut such handsome terms, had considered that it would cost him much more to deliver up that place into his, the cardinal's, hands than he gave him; that he must take into consideration all the circumstances of the case; and that, after all, if he would excuse my saying so, he, the Comte de Marcin, was but a captain, of whom we should be depriving the Spaniards in transferring him to our side, a loss which would do them very little harm, especially as the Prince de Condé still remained to them, who would do us yet plenty of mischief. I told him many other things to endeavor to persuade him, but he would not abate one jot of his demands; seeing which, I begged him to give me exactly his requirements in writing, so that I might show them to the cardinal, as I was resolved to go at

once and see him. On this the Comte de Marcin flew into a most violent rage, and told me that he did not know what should prevent him from sacrificing me at once to his resentment. What did I take him for to ask such a thing? He inquired if these were the ordinary ways of Cardinal Mazarin — to draw a man into an abyss of negotiations simply in order to make it known to those of his own side that he has been holding communication with him; that if he were fool enough to give me his demands in writing, it would be known at once all over Spain, at Brussels, and in all the country round; that I had better depart at once, as he had nothing further to say on the subject.

"I was astonished at the angry tone in which he spoke, but, having sufficient control over myself, I allowed him to finish without interrupting him, and then said that, if the intentions of monseigneur the cardinal were as he stated, I was certainly not aware of it; that, as to my own motives, I would willingly avow what they were in making such a request; simply these, that I had a difficult minister to deal with, and one who thought that everything must go just in his own way; that I knew that he had counted upon the success of my negotiations, and that I did not think that I should be able to convince him that I had done everything in my power to bring the matter to a successful issue unless I had something to show him in writing; that I had made this proposition in perfect good faith, not having previously had the honor of knowing him, but that I should have been delighted to have seen him return to France, where I was convinced that his merits would be more effectually recognized than they were ever likely to be in Spain. Speeches such as these softened him a little, but not to the extent of causing him to abate any of his demands; so, seeing that I had nothing further to hope for by remaining, I bade him adieu, and returned to France by the same way that I came."

In another place De Rochefort affords us a very curious glimpse of a French court of justice of the time. He says:—

"My father had come to Paris upon some legal business. He had a lawsuit against M. de la Vieuville, whose descendants we see to-day dukes and governors of provinces. When the case came on for hearing, and my father had brought forward in his pleadings that M. de la Vieuville had committed certain acts of violence in a village that belonged to us near to Nogent l'Arthaut that belonged to him,

he not only had the hardihood to give the charge a flat denial, but he even inveighed against our claims to nobility, to such an extent that he practically said that we were not even gentlemen. In the evening, monseigneur the cardinal asked me how went our suit, and I told him what had taken place. He replied that he was surprised that M. de la Vieuville should endeavor to make out that his descent was better than ours, and that if I knew what Henri IV. had once said to his father I could very well turn the tables upon him. The cardinal had no sooner let drop this remark than I begged him to tell me what it was. He made no difficulty at all about it, and told me that M. de la Vieuville's father was in the employ of the Duc de Nevers, who, wishing to recompense him for some service that he had rendered him, asked Henri IV. to bestow upon him the blue ribbon of a Knight of the Holy Ghost, a favor which the king could scarcely refuse him. It was the custom for the chevaliers of the order to say, when the collar of the order was placed upon them, 'Domine, non sum dignus.' M. de la Vieuville having said this, the king responded 'that he knew that very well, and that it was only at the particular request of his cousin De Nevers that he had granted it to him.'

"Monseigneur the cardinal could not have given me more pleasure if he had given me a thousand crowns. I was the very first thing next morning with the lawyers, and they, having placed in their briefs what I had learnt, it proved an intense mortification to our opponents. It served also to make the judges laugh; and they were more delighted that we should afford them something to laugh at than if we had given them money. The story of 'Domine, non sum dignus' brought M. de la Vieuville to reason, and, fearing that people who knew things so secret might go and further ransack his genealogy, he heartily wished that he had come to some arrangement with us. The case, however, proceeded.

"Now the suit had been allotted to M. Turcan, the judge, who sat with another judge and the president. M. Turcan appeared to be entirely on our side, whereas undoubtedly the president of the court was not. In going through his notes of the evidence, M. Turcan read a piece that was much in our favor, upon which the president asked him if what he was reading was really there. M. Turcan upon this became very violent. As it was not very light in the court, he had had two

candlesticks placed upon his desk. He took up one and threw it at the "head of the president, saying that a man who so suspected him deserved to be treated in that way. The president, who was obliged to duck his head to avoid the candlestick, asked M. Turcan what he was thinking about, and whether he meant to injure him; whereupon he threw the other at him, and hit him full in the face. This disorder put an end to the judgment of the suit. The president went out to complain to those who could bring M. Turcan to his senses. M. Turcan went home, where an order very soon came to him to resign his post."

After Cardinal Mazarin had passed away in 1661, De Rochefort held a commission in the army, and served as aide-de-camp to Marshal Turenne during the campaigns of that general. The whole of the latter part of his book abounds with sketches characteristic of these times. In one place he says:—

"However, everything was now prepared for the siege of Maestricht, during which time I was constantly in Alsace and in Lorraine, by the orders of Marshal Turenne. In passing through Belfort I had occasion to meet the governor, who was so new to his business to be in command of a place of such importance that I could not refrain from saying so to my general. Marshal Turenne, who was extremely discreet, made me no answer; but the Marquis de Florensac, younger son of the Due d'Usey, who was also on the staff, and who had not the same reticence as the marshal, asked me what country I came from, and if I did not know that women were at the bottom of a good many things; that the governor of Belfort was the brother of Madame de Maintenon, and the faithful depository of the secrets of Madame de Montespan; that a place or two more or less were of no very great moment, so that even if we lost Belfort it was not a matter of so very much consequence provided one could only stand well with the king's mistress. He insinuated by this that the fault lay with the minister of war, as if it had been he who had made so bad a choice. Indeed, not to leave me in any doubt on the subject, he said so in as many words. However, the governor of Belfort perfectly understood one part of his business, for he had obliged the town to make him a good many very handsome presents, and he had carried this line of conduct to such an outrageous extent that, if it had not been out of consideration for where he

had come from, loud complaints would have been made at the court."

A few pages farther on Rochefort says: "After the fall of Maestricht, Marshal Turenne had orders particularly to guard this frontier, and I, being sent by the marshal with some despatches, slept one night at Metz, in a house where had been billeted the Comte d'Isle, colonel of cavalry, who was passing through the town with his regiment. As I was not very well I went to bed early, and when fast asleep was awoken by a great noise, as if the house was on fire. I got up at once to see what it was, and, finding that it was in the street, I put my head out of the window, and saw the host of Comte d'Isle, who was crying out lustily for help. I knew the colonel but very slightly, who was not a particularly well-bred man, but, feeling obliged to take the part of the service to which I belonged, I hurriedly dressed myself, and, taking my sword, went down into the street. I inquired what was the matter, and by good luck the host happened to know me, I having previously met him at an inn at Verdun. He answered me with every civility, 'Monsieur, I beg of you to judge; you understand these things very well, and tell me if this is right. This colonel who is quartered on me, after having eaten well and drunk well, has got one of my servants in his room.' I could not help smiling at him, who, by his cries, had attracted quite a crowd of rabble round the house. I begged him to get rid of these people, and I would see if I could set matters right. I then re-entered the house, and went up to the colonel's room, and begged him to open the door. Finding that he would not do this, I was obliged to tell him that I came from Marshal Turenne. On this he came out, and I told him that as yet the marshal knew nothing of what had passed, but that he very soon would know it if all this noise and disturbance continued; and I left him to judge what the marshal, who was the avowed enemy of all disorder of this sort, would think when he did hear of it. The Comte d'Isle now became more reasonable, and, the young woman being restored to her master, I made the two shake hands, and the host, who was a good-natured man, said that if I would make one of the party he would give a breakfast in the morning; and the Comte d'Isle, feeling piqued in his honor, said that he would agree provided we all supped with him in the evening. Thus the matter ended, or would have ended, if the story had not got wind, which, how-

ever, unluckily it did, and the poor comte got so unmercifully chaffed that he was fain to beg the minister of war to send him into Catalonia, where troops were now being sent."

Towards the close of his book Rochefort notices the circumstances of the death of Marshal Turenne in the following words : " Maréchal Turenne having rejoined his army, had no very particular reason to be satisfied with the Strasbourg people, who promised him a thousand things that they never performed. He ought, however, to have been accustomed to that kind of thing, as during the preceding year they had been of no better faith. This obliged him to pass the Rhine, in order to prevent their delivering their bridge into the hands of the enemy; but, as all the environs of the city of Strasbourg were in ruins, it is quite impossible to say what we suffered for want of forage, so much so that for fifteen entire days our horses subsisted upon nothing but the grass that we managed to gather around the camp. The quartermaster of the cavalry quarters went up every night to Maréchal de Turenne to report to him that the cavalry could subsist no longer if he would not permit them to go out and forage; but he never would allow them to go; and the only answer that the maréchal returned was that the horses would not perish with hunger as long as there were leaves on the trees, and that he must cook those for them. The enemy was scarcely any better off in this respect than we were, and both sides were equally anxious that some decisive step should be taken which might improve their position. But if we had a great general to lead us, the Germans had one, too, who was no fool, as he had shown us in the first campaign, where, feigning to be directing all his attention to one side, he really was preparing for an attack on the other, so that he threw himself upon Bonn without its being possible for us to prevent it. Be it as it may, however, after the two armies had suffered much on each side, they now approached so near that it seemed impossible that they should avoid coming into collision. Every one was delighted at the prospect of being at last released from a state of inaction, but, at the very time that Maréchal de Turenne flattered himself that he was on the eve of a happy success, he was killed by a cannon-shot, through the fault of M. de St. Hilaire, lieutenant-general of artillery. I say by his fault, because, when in the neighborhood of Salzburg Maréchal de Turenne had ordered him to go out with

him to reconnoitre with a view to selecting a position where he should place a battery, he most imprudently went out carrying a scarlet cloak, which at once made it apparent to the enemy that they were officers. The enemy immediately opened fire upon them, and the very same ball that killed Maréchal Turenne took off the arm of M. de St. Hilaire, thus giving him a forcible reminder upon the subject of range which he had come out to decide about.

" It is difficult to describe the consternation which overspread the whole army at the news of an accident so deplorable. I know well that everybody thought himself lost, and so much the more that the Marquis de Vaubrun and the Comte de Lorges, instead of considering that the situation demanded that they should act together, at once set to work making cabals to draw the officers over to their respective sides. The whole army would have been lost if this bad feeling had lasted but a couple of days longer; but the wisest among the officers having pointed out to them that upon an occasion like this it behoved one, instead of squabbling as to who was to command, to endeavor to do all in one's power to save the honor of the king, they insisted on their holding together and letting their differences slumber, while we at once commenced retreating towards the Rhine.

" The death of Maréchal de Turenne was always present to my eyes, and, if I had the least penchant for solitude, I think I should have been inclined to retire at once into a cloister. But, having always had an aversion for that kind of life, I could not profit from the example that I had had left me by this great man, whose design it was to have himself retired to the Fathers of the Oratory if he had been permitted to live to see peace re-established. It is to my confusion that I say all this, as it would seem strange that a man who had already passed threescore years and ten should be still so much attached to the world that he could not give it up; but, to tell the truth, I neither looked nor felt my age, and if I had not much to fear now from women, I had not yet ceased to make men jealous; indeed, it was through me that a gentleman of Picardy, whom I cannot well name, had an affair with his wife which would have got him into serious trouble if he had been denounced. He imagined, without any real cause, that I was a lover of his wife's; and upon one occasion, she being taken ill, he put on the habit of a grey friar, as

he knew that she was accustomed to confess to monks of that order, and, having bribed her maid, he arranged that, when she next sent for her ordinary confessor, the servant should say that he was ill, and that, therefore, they had sent another monk in his place. The husband, disguised in the monk's habit, thus entered her room, which was so darkened that it was not very easy to see any one very distinctly. Here, whilst he acted the ordinary part of the confessor, he inquired so particularly whether she had not a great passion for the Chevalier de Rochefort that she could not understand how it was, after she had replied in the negative, that he continued to harp upon the same subject a hundred times. He endeavored after this to clear up some other little suspicions that he had, but, if I may believe what she told me the next day, he learned nothing but what she was perfectly willing that anybody should know. The truth was she had recognized his voice, and in consequence had taken every precaution. However, she was sufficiently acute not to appear to recognize him, and thus they deceived each other in what was one of the most sacred offices of religion; the one to discover whether his wife had been unfaithful to him, and the other to allay the pertinacious jealousy of her husband."

From Temple Bar.
DICKENS'S CHARACTERS AND THEIR
PROTOTYPES.

It is well known that the characters most familiar to us in the writings of Charles Dickens had originals in actual life. The novelist, in common with other famous romancers, never produced, or intended to produce, a complete picture of a living person, but only the leading traits, embodying in his portraiture of one individual his experience of fifty; although, as we shall see, the likeness in some cases bore a remarkable resemblance to the unconscious sitter, who naturally resented the publicity thus given to his personal or mental peculiarities. For those readers of the works of Dickens who are curious to learn something concerning the prototypes of the characters so happily portrayed by his magic pen, the present attempt at their identification may not be without interest.

Charles Dickens, on leaving school in his fifteenth year, obtained employment in the office of Messrs. Ellis and Black-

more, solicitors, of Gray's Inn, and during the period of his engagement in that capacity he availed himself of the numerous opportunities thus afforded him of observing, with a keenness which characterized him throughout life, the various peculiarities of lawyers, their clerks and clients; Mr. Blackmore, the junior partner, afterwards recognized, in the pages of "Pickwick" and "Nickleby," several incidents that took place in the office, and the originals of many of the characters in those works were personally known to him. Dickens's early taste for theatricals was much stimulated by a fellow-clerk named Potter, with whom he chiefly associated. This boon companion afterwards figured under his proper name in one of the "Sketches by Boz," entitled "Making a Night of it," where he is described as a clerk in the city, whose income was limited, but whose friendship with his fellow-clerk, Mr. Robert Smithers, was unbounded. It is undoubtedly the same young gentleman who appears as Jones in another sketch called "Misplaced Attachment of Mr. John Dounce," for he is there referred to as a barrister's clerk, "capital company — full of anecdote!" and having a *penchant* for the play."

Ordnance Terrace, Chatham, where the Dickens family resided (1816-21), is known to have furnished the characters for some of the early sketches. "The Old Lady" was a Mrs. Newnham, who lived at No. 5; "the Half-pay Captain" was also a near neighbor, whose well-remembered oddity of behavior was a constant source of amusement to the neighbors. It was principally in "Pickwick" that Dickens most frequently utilized his knowledge of the traits of character which distinguish members of the legal profession and their victims. The thirtieth chapter commences with an elaborate analysis of the various species of the lawyer's clerk. "There is the articled clerk, who has paid a premium, and is an attorney in prospective, who runs a tailor's bill, receives invitations to parties, knows a family in Gower Street, and another in Tavistock Square, goes out of town every long vacation to see his father, who keeps live horses innumerable; and who is, in short, the very aristocrat of clerks." Then comes the salaried clerk, "out-of-door, or in-door, as the case may be, who devotes the major part of his thirty shillings a week to his personal pleasure and adornment, repairs half-price to the Adelphi at least three times a week, dissipates majestically at the cider-cellars

afterwards, and is a dirty caricature of the fashion which expired six months ago." Mr. George Lear, a fellow-clerk with Dickens at Gray's Inn, informs me that he is convinced he stood for the portrait of the articled clerk, and that our friend Potter again appears as the salaried clerk. Mr. Lear entertains a belief that it was Dickens himself who is described as one of "the office lads, in their first surtouts, who feel a befitting contempt for boys at day-schools, club as they go home at night, for saveloys and porter, and think there's nothing like 'life.'" My informant is also of opinion that Potter figures still more prominently in "Pickwick," as the original of that prince of impostors and adventurers, Alfred Jingle, whose personal appearance is faithfully reproduced in the illustration representing Dr. Slammer's defiance of Jingle. The portrait of the doctor is said to have been taken from Dr. Lamert, a regimental surgeon at Chatham, and an uncle of the novelist.

Many more or less eminent counsel (Serjeant Bumpus among others) have been pointed to as the prototypes of Serjeant Buzfuz; but, in all probability, the serjeant was of a composite or mixed order of architecture, and burlesqued the foibles of more than one learned gentleman. Mr. Justice Stareleigh was a portrait of Mr. Justice Gazelee.

Mr. Perker, Pickwick's solicitor in the famous breach-of-promise case, was also drawn from life. Mr. Blackmore, in recording his recollections of Dickens's clerkship, says that he believes Perker was intended as a portrait of his partner Mr. Ellis, who certainly had some of Perker's peculiarities, especially that of incessant snuff-taking. There can be, however, no room for dispute as to the prototype of Mr. Pickwick himself, whose outward form has been rendered so familiar by "Phiz." His name was John Foster, a friend of Mr. Chapman (of the firm of Chapman and Hall), and he was described as "a fat old beau who would wear, in spite of ladies' protests, drab tights and black gaiters," and who lived at Richmond. The name of Pickwick may be traced to that of a Bath coach-proprietor, for it is recorded that Dickens, on seeing it painted on the door of a stage-coach which had passed him in the street, rushed into the publishers' office, exclaiming, "I've got it. Moses Pickwick, Bath, coach-master." It is interesting to learn that the same Moses Pickwick was a foundling, left one night in Pickwick Street, and brought up in Corsham work-

house till he was old enough to be employed in the stables where the mail coaches changed horses; then he got to be head ostler, and eventually coach-proprietor. His Christian name was given to him as being a foundling, and his surname from the village where he was left as an infant.*

It is fair to conjecture that Sam Weller's living prototype was a character named Simon Spatterdash (in Samuel Beazley's play called "The Boarding-house"), a local militia-man, whose chief peculiarity lay in his quaint sayings and out-of-the-way comparisons. The part was taken by a low comedian named Samuel Vale, for whom the farce, a very popular one in the early part of the century, was revived at Drury Lane Theatre in 1822, the year after the removal of the Dickens family to London, Charles being then ten years old. Vale's quaint comparisons, like those so frequently employed by Sam Weller, were lavishly introduced by the actor into his part, and were doubtless the origin of Dickens's queer conceit. Vale had a mellowness of voice with an unctuousness of utterance which gave his drolleries of expression an unusual value, and he was recognized as an actor of genuine ability.

The suggestion that "Weller" is a form of "Veller," and the latter is a comparative form of Vale, is not altogether without weight, but so far as the origin of the name is concerned there is some evidence worthy of consideration. The name, by no means an uncommon one at the present day, was familiar to Dickens from his earliest childhood, for the maiden name of his nurse was Mary Weller.† It has also been pointed out that a Thomas Weller once kept the Granby Head in High Street, Chatham, and both the inn and its master recall to one's mind the fictitious Marquis of Granby of which Mrs. Weller (Sam's stepmother) was director-in-chief. Mrs. Lynn Linton, who once resided at Gad's Hill Place, says that "old Mr.

* A correspondent in *Notes and Queries* (Jan. 8, 1887) says that, curiously enough, there lives at Penarth, near Cardiff, a portly Pickwick, rejoicing in the prenomen Eleazar. Sergeant Eleazar Pickwick is an officer of police in that county, and bears not only a nominal but a personal resemblance to Dickens's hero as represented in the illustrations.

† "There lived in Liverpool for many years a gentleman named Samuel Weller, one of whose daughters was the mother of Mrs. Butler (*note* Miss Elizabeth Thompson), the well-known painter of 'The Roff-Call,' etc., and the other married a brother of Charles Dickens. Mr. Weller denied being the prototype of the immortal 'Samivel,' as 'Pickwick' had been published some years before he met the author." (*Notes and Queries*, April 2, 1887.)

Weller was a real person, and we know him. He was 'Old Chumley' in the flesh, and drove the stage daily from Rochester to London and back again . . . the good-natured, red-faced old fellow."

In the story of "Oliver Twist,"* Dickens introduced Mr. Fang, a police magistrate, and described his mode of administering justice. This official, before whom Oliver was brought on a charge of "fogle-hunting," was "a lean, long-backed, stiff-necked, middle-aged man, with no great quantity of hair; and what he had, growing on the back and sides of his head. His face was stern, and much flushed. If he were really not in the habit of drinking rather more than was exactly good for him, he might have brought an action against his countenance for libel, and have recovered heavy damages." These attributes of Mr. Fang were also possessed by his prototype, a metropolitan magistrate then living, upon whom Dickens desired to inflict a literary castigation. Mr. Forster tells us that the novelist, wanting for the purposes of his story an insolent and harsh police magistrate, bethought him of an original ready to his hand in one of the London offices; and instead of pursuing his later method of giving a personal appearance that should in some sort render difficult the identification of mental peculiarities, he was only eager to get in the whole man complete upon his page, figure and face as well as manners and mind. He wrote accordingly to Mr. Haines, a gentleman who then had general supervision over the police reports for the daily papers: "In my next number of 'Oliver Twist' I must have a magistrate; and casting about for a magistrate whose harshness and insolence would render him a fit subject to be *shown up*, I have as a necessary consequence stumbled upon Mr. Laing of Hatton Garden celebrity. I know the man's character perfectly well; but as it would be necessary to describe his personal appearance also, I ought to have seen him, which (fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be) I have never done. In this dilemma it occurred to me that perhaps I might under your auspices be smuggled into the Hatton Garden office for a few moments some morning. If you can further my object I shall be really very greatly obliged to you." The opportunity was found; the magistrate was brought

up before the novelist; and shortly after, on some fresh outbreak of intolerable temper, the home-secretary found it an easy and popular step to remove Mr. Laing from the bench — a comfort to everybody, saving only the principal person.

In the preface to "Nicholas Nickleby," the author states that, during the progress of that work, he derived great amusement and satisfaction from the fact that several Yorkshire schoolmasters laid claim to being the original of Squeers, one of whom, he had reason to believe, had actually entertained thoughts of bringing an action for libel to bear upon the case, whereas another, whom the cap likewise fitted, meditated a journey to London "for the express purpose of committing an assault and battery upon his traducer;" a third perfectly remembered being waited on by two gentlemen, "one of whom held him in conversation, while the other took his likeness; and although Mr. Squeers has but one eye, and he has two, . . . still he and all his friends and neighbors know at once for whom it is meant, because — the character is *so* like him." Dickens explains that Mr. Squeers is the representative of a class, and not of an individual; that "where imposture, ignorance, and brutal cupidity are the stock in trade of a small body of men, and one is described by these characteristics, all his fellows will recognize something belonging to themselves, and each will have a misgiving that the portrait is his own." It will be remembered that Dickens and his illustrator travelled together to the north of England, for the purpose of collecting material for "Nickleby," making the King's Head, at Barnard Castle, their headquarters. The novelist there made enquiries concerning the state of the neighboring boarding-schools, and was directed to one known as Bowes Academy, at Greta Bridge. The master, whose name was William Shaw, received Dickens and his companion with extreme *hauteur*, and did not so much as withdraw his eyes from the operation of pen-making during their interview. It is said that "Phiz," watching his opportunity, sketched him on his nail (a branch of the fine arts of which I must confess extreme ignorance), *reproducing him so exactly*, that when the more finished representation of him appeared in the book, the school began to decline, and ultimately became deserted. There are many persons still living (who were pupils of William Shaw and well remember his academy at Bowes) who assert that the school in question was believed to have

* Oliver Twist is the name of a person that once existed, which is proved by the following entry in the parish register of Shelford, Notts: "1563. The Vth of Januar, Dorothe Twiste, daughter of Oliver Twiste." (*Notes and Queries*, June 9, 1877.)

been one of the best of its kind, and that the master was by no means such a wretch as that depicted by the novelist. It was, indeed, warmly affirmed by some old residents in Barnard Castle that the alleged prototype of Squeers was, in private life at least, an excellent and amiable man, and believing the imputation to be levelled at himself (instead of, as was really the case, at the bad system which had long prevailed in that part of the country), his sensitiveness caused him to become an object of ridicule to his neighbors, and this, together with the subsequent loss of his pupils, utterly broke his spirit.

Further evidence confirming this account may be found in the autobiography of Mr. H. F. Lloyd, the well-known Glasgow comedian. He was a pupil of William Shaw, whom he represents as "a most worthy and kind-hearted, if somewhat peculiar, gentleman. . . . I can see him now as plainly as I did then, and can testify to the truth of the *outward* presentation of the man as described by Dickens, and depicted by his artist in the pages of his novel—allowing, of course, for both being greatly exaggerated. A sharp, thin, upright little man, with a slight scale covering the pupil of one of his eyes. Yes. There he stands, with his Wellington boots and short black trousers, not originally cut too short, but from a habit he had of sitting with one knee over the other, and the trousers being tight, they would get 'ruck'd' half-way up the boots. Then, the clean white vest, swallow-tailed black coat, white necktie, silver-mounted spectacles, close-cut, iron-grey hair, high-crowned hat worn slightly at the back of his head, and there you have the man." Mr. Lloyd writes in almost glowing terms of the excellence of the school, its situation and internal arrangements; and as for Mr. Shaw's lifting his hand to a boy, save in the way of kindness, such a thing was almost unknown. He would walk round the schoolroom, look over his pupils while writing, and here and there pat a boy on the head, making encouraging remarks the while. He was an adept on the flute, and would sometimes sit by the bedside of a sick boy for an hour or two together to amuse him. If these statements are true (and the evidence is strong in that direction), such was the man that Dickens, with the best intentions possible, pilloried as Squeers, and caused him to suffer for the misdeeds of his neighbors. It must be admitted, with feelings of regret, that both the novelist and the artist committed the

error of too faithfully reproducing, by pen and pencil, the personal peculiarities of William Shaw, and in transferring him to another school then existing in the neighborhood, which was similar to that described in the story, and was presided over by a genuine Squeers. There is, however, a rather curious coincidence in connection with this subject. In 1823, sixteen years before the publication of "Nickleby," two remarkable trials took place, bearing on the cruelties practised in the cheap boarding-schools of Yorkshire. The name and address of the defendant in both cases were identical with those of the prototype of Squeers, and the facts then made public strongly resembled the condition of things at Dotheboys Hall. It is more than probable that Dickens's attention had been drawn to these particular cases, and that he subsequently utilized those facts as leading features in his story; but whether the defendant was in any way related to the unfortunate man whom "Phiz" sketched "not wisely, but too well," there is no evidence to show.

Turning to a more genial subject, there is the novelist's authority for stating that the portraits of those most exceptional personages, the brothers Cheeryble, were drawn from life; that their noble characteristics were not creations of his brain, but were absolutely founded on fact. Their prototypes were the brothers Grant (Daniel and William), merchants and manufacturers, of Ramsbottom and Manchester, whose acquaintance Dickens made during his visit to that neighborhood in 1838. The two brothers were born at Elches, Morayshire, where their father, William Grant, was a small farmer, who, being ruined by a flood, afterwards became a cattle-drover. Subsequently he commenced business in a very small way in Manchester, and prospered, when in 1790 the family was located in a retail shop in the marketplace, Bury, where they sold linen, prints, small wares, etc.; the sons, at that time, being employed at some printworks in the neighborhood. The Grants, through their perseverance and courtesy, rose so rapidly, that on the retirement of the first Sir Robert Peel, and by his special help and favor, they became, in 1806, the owners of the extensive works at Ramsbottom, where they carried on the business of logwood grinding, calico printing, and dyeing. Within ten years the firm of William Grant and Brothers had become one of the most famous in Lancashire. Like the brothers Cheeryble they labored to help every good work,

both privately and publicly, and were among the founders of the Royal Institution. Of private benefits conferred may be mentioned the encouragement given by direct commissions to Nasmyth, the painter, and the practical help accorded to his son, the eminent engineer. The brothers Grant died many years ago, but in the district where they resided, their names are still remembered and dearly cherished.*

Mrs. Ewebank, whose husband kept the King's Head, at Barnard Castle (where the novelist stayed), knew the original of John Browdie, the good natured Yorkshireman, quite well — his real name was John F——, of Broadiswood, a farmer, and he married a Miss Dent, a cousin of Miss Shaw.

It is generally supposed that Mrs. Nickleby is a portrait of Mrs. John Dickens, the novelist's mother. A writer says that Mrs. Dickens had been very nice-looking in her youth. She was a little woman, thoroughly good-natured, easy-going, and companionable, and the likeness between her and Mrs. Nickleby is simply the exaggeration of some slight peculiarities. "She possessed an extraordinary sense of the ludicrous, and her power of imitation was something quite astonishing. On entering a room, she almost unconsciously took an inventory of its contents; and if anything happened to strike her as out of place or ridiculous, she would afterwards describe it in the quaintest possible manner. In like manner she noted the personal peculiarities of her friends and acquaintances. She had also a fine vein of pathos, and could bring tears to the eyes of listeners when narrating some sad event."

As the original of Miss La Creevy, the good-natured little miniature-painter, I would suggest Miss Rose Emma Drummond, who practised the same genteel profession at the time "Nickleby" was written. This suggestion carries some weight on the discovery of the interesting fact that in 1835 (about three years prior to the commencement of the novel), Dickens sat to Miss Drummond for his portrait on ivory, which was executed as an "engagement" present for Miss Catherine Hogarth, afterwards Mrs. Charles Dickens.†

* For many of these particulars I am indebted to Mr. Langton's paper on "The 'Brothers Cheervy' and the 'Grant Brothers,'" published in the *Manchester Quarterly*, Jan., 1886.

† The portrait, the first for which the novelist gave sittings, is now in the possession of his younger daughter.

Another character in "Nickleby," concerning whose prototype a clue is afforded, is Newman Noggs, the confidential clerk and factotum of Mr. Ralph Nickleby, whom he served "for rather less than the usual wages of a boy of thirteen." His name, as well as personality, was suggested by that of Newman Knott, an impoverished gentleman who went regularly to the offices of Messrs. Ellis and Blackmore during the period of Dickens's clerkship there, for the purpose of receiving the sum of seven shillings weekly, given, it is believed, by a friend at Chichester who had known him in his prosperity. Knott had previously held a fairly good position as a tenant farmer in Sussex, but his expensive tastes ruined him. His eccentricities and personal history were a source of great amusement to the clerks, and the tricks and manœuvres he resorted to in endeavoring to forestall the weekly allowance highly delighted Dickens, who doubtless availed himself of the hints thus afforded him in the portrayal of Newman Noggs.

During the time that Dickens and "Phiz" were investigating the subject of the Yorkshire schools, they lodged at the principal hotel in Barnard Castle, in the county of Durham, and immediately opposite the hotel was a watchmaker's shop, easily seen by the novelist from his sitting-room window. Over the shop-front was conspicuously placed the name of "Humphreys, Clockmaker," which fixed itself so indelibly on the author's mind, that he gave it to the clockmaker in his next story, and wrote to tell "Master Humphreys" what he had done, sending him, at the same time, a copy of "Nicholas Nickleby." As for the original of the famous clock itself, we learn that its manufacture was commenced in 1828 by William Humphreys, son of Thomas Humphreys, the then proprietor of the shop. On its completion the following year it was placed in a niche on the right-hand side of the glass shop-door, where Dickens first saw it, and where in passing he frequently consulted it for the correct time, thus becoming acquainted with the owner and his son, Master Humphreys. The shop was a veritable "curiosity shop," containing, as it did, such a miscellaneous collection of toys, clocks, philosophical instruments, and relics innumerable.*

* The clock, which is still in existence, is an interesting and scientifically constructed piece of mechanism, mounted in an ornamented wooden case of a much earlier period. It was removed in 1838 to Hartlepool,

One of the most amusing characters in "The Old Curiosity Shop" is that of the small slipshod girl who wore "a dirty coarse apron and bib, which left nothing of her visible but her face and feet," and who was called "the Marchioness," by that choice spirit, Mr. Richard Swiveller, in order "to make it seem more real and pleasant." The novelist took his first impression of this domestic young person from a maid-of-all-work possessed by the Dickens family when living in Bayham Street, Camden Town. She was an orphan from the Chatham workhouse, and continued to wait upon her employers during their incarceration in the Marshalsea. Like young Charles Dickens, she had a lodging in the neighborhood of the prison, that she might be early on the scene of her duties; and when Charles met her, as he would do occasionally, in his lounging-place by London Bridge, he would occupy the time before the gates opened by telling her most astonishing fictions about the wharves and the Tower. "But I hope I believed them myself," he would say.

The room which young Dickens then occupied was a back attic in the house of an insolvent-court agent, in Lant Street, Boro', where Bob Sawyer lodged many years afterwards. His landlord was "a fat, good-natured, kind old gentleman. He was lame, and had a quiet old wife; and he had a very innocent grown-up son, who was lame too." The elderly couple and their only son were dead when these particulars were related by Dickens to his biographer, who informs us that they live still very pleasantly, in another form, as the Garland family in "The Old Curiosity Shop." Turning to a minor character in the story, it is said that the first study for the poet of Mrs. Jarley's waxwork was made from one of the rhymesters regularly employed by Robert Warren, the blacking-manufacturer, whom Dickens remembered so well.

A personage who figures prominently in "Barnaby Rudge" is Lord George Gordon, the veritable Lord George who led the riots of 1780. He was born in 1752, and was the second son of Cosmo, third Duke of Gordon. He entered the navy when a boy, in due time becoming a lieutenant, and soon afterwards conceived the

by William Humphreys, who commenced business there on his own account, his father making a new timepiece to take its place. Both clocks were shown in excellent condition in the Newcastle Jubilee Exhibition. (*Monthly Chronicle of North Country Lore and Legend*, Nov., 1887.)

project of entering Parliament, where he secured a seat. At this time he is described as being possessed of good looks and a cunning address, and to have had the art of making himself popular with all classes. Before long he began to disunite himself from both parties of the State, proclaiming himself to be "a friend of the people," and continually bringing in matters concerning religion and the dangers of Popery. He instituted public meetings in support of the Protestant interest, declaring that the king was a Papist at heart and had violated the coronation oath. From that time the most disorderly scenes took place in the public thoroughfares, culminating in serious riots, the cry of "No Popery" being the only guarantee of security from violence at the hands of the mob. Lord George was arrested and charged with high treason, but was acquitted, much to the delight of his supporters. He was again arrested for treasonable acts, found guilty, and sentenced to be imprisoned in Newgate for three years. There he was struck down by gaol fever; in a few days he became delirious, muttering sentences by which he had rallied round him his fanatical and vagabond followers. With a last effort he raised himself in his bed, and half chanting the opening words of a republican song, he expired.* Such is an outline of the career of Lord George Gordon, and readers of "Barnaby Rudge" will see how close a resemblance it bears to the facts there related by the novelist.

In describing the personality of the aristocratic Mr. John Chester (afterwards Sir John), Dickens undoubtedly had the celebrated Lord Chesterfield in his mind. Sir John is "soft-spoken, delicately made, precise, and elegant;" he preserves a calm and placid smile, is a smooth man of the world, his speech is as elegant and as exactly ordered as his dress. Such attributes as these also characterized the alleged original, a fact which, together with the marked resemblance between their names, strengthens the supposition that Sir John is a copy of his lordship.

The original of Grip the raven, as every one knows, was in Dickens's possession for a considerable time, and its death was a domestic calamity. The famous bird was replaced by another, older, and larger Grip, so that "Barnaby" should have the fruit of continual study of the habits of ravens, but he also met with an untimely end. "The first," says Dickens,

* *Vide LIVING AGE*, No. 2234.

"was in the bloom of his youth, when he was discovered in a modest retirement in London, by a friend of mine, and given to me. . . . He slept in a stable, generally on horseback," and "was rapidly rising in acquirements and virtues, when, in an evil hour, his stable was newly painted. He observed the workmen closely, saw that they were careful of the paint, and immediately burned to possess it. On their going to dinner, he ate up all they had left behind, consisting of a pound or two of white lead; and this youthful indiscretion terminated in death. While I was yet inconsolable for his loss, another friend of mine in Yorkshire discovered an older and more gifted raven at a village public-house, which he prevailed upon the landlord to part with for a consideration, and sent up to me." After describing the merits and eccentricities of this bird, Dickens wrote: "It may have been that he was too bright a genius to live long, or it may have been that he took some pernicious substance into his bill, and thence into his maw, which is not improbable, seeing that he new-pointed the greater part of the garden-wall by digging out the mortar, broke countless squares of glass by scraping away the putty all round the frames, and tore up and swallowed, in splinters, the greater part of a wooden staircase of six steps and a landing, but after some three years he too was taken ill, and died before the kitchen fire. He kept his eye to the last upon the meat as it roasted, and suddenly turned over on his back with a sepulchral cry of 'Cuckoo!'" The remains of Grip the First were stuffed and sent home in a glass case, by way of ornament to his master's study, and some years afterwards were sold by public auction for the fancy price of £120.

In the preface to an early edition of "Martin Chuzzlewit" Dickens speaks of Mrs. Gamp as a fair representation, at the time the book was published, of the hired attendant on the poor in sickness; but, as Mr. Forster says, he might have added that the rich were no better off, for Mrs. Gamp's original was in reality a person hired by a most distinguished friend of his own, a lady, to take charge of an invalid very dear to her; and the common habit of this nurse in the sick-room, among other Gampish peculiarities, was to rub her nose along the top of the tall fender. In spite of Mrs. Gamp's propensity for strong drink and other human weaknesses, we cannot resist the humorous side of her character, nor deny that she is a general favorite.

It has already been said that Dickens, when a mere lad, lodged near the Marshalsea during his father's incarceration there. Before he lived with the originals of the Garland family, he was handed over to a reduced old lady long known to his parents, a Mrs. Roylance, who took children in to board, and had done so at Brighton. With a few alterations and embellishments, this lady unconsciously sat for Mrs. Pipchin in "Dombey and Son," when she took in young Charles Dickens. The well-known illustration, representing Mrs. Pipchin and Paul at the fire, greatly distressed the author because "Phiz" failed to realize the scene as the former had conceived it. "He felt the disappointment more keenly, because the conception of the grim old boarding-house keeper had taken back his thoughts to the miseries of his own child life, and made her, as her prototype in verity was, a part of the terrible reality." In his paper of notes for the number in which she appears are the various names, beginning with that of her real prototype, out of which, by a process of evolution, the name selected came to him at last, "Mrs. Roylance, Mrs. Wrychin, Mrs. Tipchin, Mrs. Alchin, Mrs. Sonching, Mrs. Pipchin." In a letter to Mr. Forster he wrote: "I hope you will like Mrs. Pipchin's establishment. It is from the life, and I was there—I don't suppose I was eight years old; but I remember it all as well, and certainly understood it as well, as I do now." In the picture referred to, Paul presents a striking contrast to the grim old harridan at whose face he looks with an expression half anxious and half timid, "studying every line and wrinkle of her countenance, and peering at the hard grey eye. . . . The good old lady might have been a witch, . . . and Paul and the cat her two familiars, as they all sat by the fire together."

It is perhaps not generally known that the original of Paul Dombey was a nephew of Dickens. He was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Burnett (Fanny Dickens), and Master Harry Burnett is described, by one who knew the family well, as "a singular child, meditative and quaint in a remarkable degree. He was the original, as Dickens told his sister, of little Paul Dombey. Harry had been taken to Brighton, as 'little Paul' is represented to have been, and had there, for hours lying on the beach with his books, given utterance to thoughts quite as remarkable for a child as those which are put into the lips of Paul Dombey. . . . The child

seemed never tired of reading the Bible and his hymns, and other good books suited to his age; and the bright little fellow was always happy."* There can be no doubt that Dickens, in his pathetic description of Paul's experience of life, recorded some of his own recollections of the days when he was under the protection of that stern guardian, Mrs. Royston.

The prototype of Mr. Dombey was supposed by some to be Mr. Thomas Chapman, the chairman of Lloyd's in 1844, a gentleman with whom Dickens held much friendly intercourse; but Mr. Forster entirely refutes the supposition, considering that "few things more absurd or unfounded have been invented, even of Dickens, than that he found any part of the original of Mr. Dombey in the nature, the appearance, or the manners of this estimable gentleman." The novelist expressed great anxiety concerning "Phiz's" delineation of Dombey, and fearing something in the nature of a caricature of his merchant hero, he was induced to indicate by a living person the type of a city gentleman he would have had the artist select. His urgent request that the artist should "get a glimpse of A., for he is the very Dombey," was often repeated, but was not to be complied with, and recourse was had to a series of heads, actual and fanciful, sketched on a sheet of paper by "Phiz," from which a selection was made. Beyond this there is no further evidence as to the personality of the original of the purse-proud Dombey.

Mr. Forster had himself some knowledge of that blue-stocking, Miss Cornelia, the gifted daughter of Paul's first schoolmaster, Dr. Blimber. The little wooden midshipman is such an interesting feature in "Dombey and Son" that he must not be forgotten. "With his quadrant at his round black knob of an eye, and its figure in the old attitude of indomitable alacrity," he is constantly intent on his discoveries. The present tense is here used advisedly, for the famous sign still exists. When

the story was written he occupied his post of observation in Leadenhall street, over a quaint, old-fashioned shop first established in 1773 by Mr. William Heather as a "sea-chart, map, and mathematical instrument warehouse." Mr. Heather was succeeded by Messrs. Norie and Wilson, who carried on the business in Dombey's time; but some six years ago the house and shop were demolished and the business transferred to the Minories, where the little midshipman may still be seen studying the heavens as of yore.

Dickens considered "David Copperfield" as the best of his books, and the reason for his preference may be looked for in the fact that it is to a great extent autobiographical. The author has himself declared that many of the incidents in David's career are identical with those experienced by himself, so that, up to a certain point, he may be considered as the prototype of the hero of the story. To a certain extent, also, Mr. Micawber was a portrait of the novelist's father, who, like him, was remarkable for rhetorical exuberance, a peculiarity which found frequent and always agreeable expression in many of the novelist's letters, written long before "Copperfield" was thought of. "No one," says his biographer, "could know the elder Dickens without secretly liking him the better for these flourishes of speech, which adapted themselves so readily to his gloom as well as to his cheerfulness, that it was difficult not to fancy had helped him considerably in both, and had rendered more tolerable to him, if also more possible, the shade and sunshine of his chequered life. . . . It delighted Dickens to remember that it was of one of his connections his father wrote a celebrated sentence: 'And I must express my tendency to believe that his longevity is (to say the least of it) extremely problematical.'" There also existed in the personal appearance of Micawber a resemblance to that of his prototype. A friend and neighbor of Mr. John Dickens describes him as "a chatty, pleasant companion, possessing a varied fund of anecdote, and genuine vein of humor. He was a well-built man, rather stout, of very active habits, a little pompous, and very proud (as well he might be) of his talented son. He dressed well, and wore a goodly bunch of seals suspended across his waistcoat from his watch-chain."

A writer says that Dickens also availed himself of certain peculiarities of Thomas Powell, "a so-called 'literary man,' of America, many of whose idiosyncrasies

* *Memories of the Past. Records of Ministerial Life.* By James Griffin (1883). In the early part of Mr. Griffin's ministry at Manchester, he made the acquaintance of two "gentle-looking people" who regularly attended the chapel. They were Mr. and Mrs. Burnett, and in the course of conversation the latter intimated that she was the sister of Charles Dickens, then in the height of his popularity. Her husband had passed many years of his life on the operatic stage, and when a pupil at the Royal Academy of Music, he met Miss Fanny Dickens, who was also a pupil at the same institution, and who afterwards became his wife. His profession as a public vocalist proving uncongenial he quitted the stage, and, with his wife, taught music and singing. Their son Harry, like little Paul, died in his early youth.

were set forth in a story published in the *Boston Index* some years ago. Like Micawber, Powell had a trick of becoming very confidential on small or no provocation. He also had a large family, and a perfect mania for writing letters, even to persons in the same room — other points of resemblance to Mr. Dickens's Micawber."

Dora Spenlow, David Copperfield's "child-wife," was drawn from a living person, for Dickens, too, had his Dora in 1829, who, like David's *fiancée*, "was striven for as the only thing to be attained, and even more unattainable, for neither did he succeed, nor happily did she die; but the one idol, like the other, supplying a motive to exertion for the time and otherwise opening out to the idolator, both in fact and fiction, a highly unsubstantial, happy, foolish time." A letter from Dickens to his biographer confirms the statement that the Dora in fiction is founded on a Dora in fact. The description of Flora, in "Little Dorrit," was derived from the same original.

The prototype of Miss Dartle may also be partly traced. In the story, that lady is described as possessing "a slight, short figure, dark, and not agreeable to look at, but with some appearance of good looks too . . . she had black hair, and eager black eyes, and was thin, and had a scar upon her lip." We have Mr. Forster's authority for stating that it was from one of Dickens's lady friends, very familiar to him indeed, but whose name is not divulged, that he copied Miss Dartle's peculiarity "of never saying anything outright, but hinting it merely, and making more of it that way."

Of the original of Miss Mowcher something interesting may be told. Readers of "Copperfield" will remember her as "a pursy dwarf, of about forty or forty-five, with a very large head and face, a pair of roguish grey eyes, and such extremely little arms. . . . Her chin, which was what is called a double chin, was so fat that it entirely swallowed up the strings of her bonnet, bow and all. Throat she had none; waist she had none; legs she had none, worth mentioning; for though she was more than full-sized down to where her waist would have been, if she had any, and though she terminated, as human beings generally do, in a pair of feet, she was so short that she stood at a common-sized chair as at a table." Dickens, thinking that a grotesque little oddity among his acquaintance would be safe from recognition, had given way to the temptation of

copying too closely the peculiarities of her face and figure. Although in Miss Mowcher's "Ain't I volatile" his friends had quite correctly recognized the favorite expression of a different person, and other traits were not hers at all, yet he was shocked and grieved to discover that he had given pain to a person who saw in Miss Mowcher a strong resemblance to herself, and speedily remedied, as far as was practicable, the injury he had unintentionally inflicted by making certain alterations in the subsequent portrayal of the character.

In Harold Skimpole of "Bleak House" Dickens deeply injured the susceptibilities of his friend Leigh Hunt, whose eccentricities he had unmistakably exaggerated in connecting them with Skimpole. Although the novelist felt that it was wrong in being thus tempted to utilize the power he possessed of reproducing the peculiarities of his friends and their natural traits of character, he apparently found it irresistible. Harold Skimpole's likeness to that of his prototype was so easily recognized that it led to much remark; unfortunately, a part in the plot was assigned to him which no fascinating foibles or gaieties of speech could redeem from contempt. The story is a long one, and so well told by others that a repetition of it is unnecessary. Suffice it to say that Dickens's intention was not an unkind one. He erred from thoughtlessness only, and often expressed his regret that he had made the character speak too much like his old friend. "Perhaps," suggests Mr. Forster, "the only person acquainted with the original who failed to recognize the copy was the original himself (a common case); but good-natured friends in time told Hunt everything, and painful explanations followed. . . . I yet well remember with what eager earnestness . . . he strove to set Hunt up again in his own esteem." He endeavored partly to make amends by inviting and persuading Leigh Hunt's eldest son to write an essay, setting his father in a just light, for *All the Year Round*.* But the harm was done, and could not be undone, although the novelist made all the reparation in his power in order to bring about that most desirable result.

For the character of Lawrence Boythorne he was similarly indebted to another friend, Walter Savage Landor.

* The article duly appeared, under the title "A Man of Letters of the Last Generation," and was considered by Dickens, who was deeply impressed by its calm tenderness of discrimination, to be the noblest piece of filial criticism he had ever read.

Boylorne forms a strong and not unpleasing contrast to Skimpole, so that the consequences arising from the portrayal were not so disastrous as in the case of Leigh Hunt; in fact, no objection was made, as ludicrous traits were employed to enrich without impairing an attractive person in the tale.

A striking pamphlet on the subject of Chancery abuses and delays afforded Dickens a valuable hint in his treatment of the great Chancery suit, in "Bleak House," of Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce. The case of Gridley (said the author, in his preface to the story) was in no essential altered from one of actual occurrence, in which, as in Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce, costs were incurred to an enormous amount. He also referred to another well-known suit in Chancery, not then decided, which was commenced before the close of the last century, and in which a still more considerable sum had already been swallowed up in costs. It has been said that a certain Chancery suit now proceeding was that from which the Jarndyce case originated. The suit is that of Jennings *v.* Jennings, which also commenced before the close of the last century, and it arose from the intestacy of Mr. Jennings, the original owner of the property in dispute. He was a Suffolk man, who, when staying in London, became so seriously ill that he felt it desirable to complete his will, which only required his signature to make it valid; but his spectacles, which were specially needed for the purpose, had been accidentally left at his country house, whither a messenger was speedily despatched. Unfortunately, before his return the testator breathed his last, and the document was therefore valueless. The property then went to the next of kin, when the unexpected arrival on the scene of one who claimed that position (and the property appertaining thereto) caused a dispute as to the rightful heir; the property fell into Chancery, and, owing to the fact that the claimants (now numbering about four hundred) have not yet succeeded in identifying the real successor, the result is likely to be as unsatisfactory as that attending Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce.

One of the suitors in that great case was "a little mad woman in a squeezed bonnet, who is always in court, from its sitting to its rising, and always expecting some incomprehensible judgment to be given in her favor. . . . She carries some small letters in her reticule which she calls her documents; principally consisting of paper matches and dry lavender." The

name of the "little old lady" was Flite, and her portrait was taken from life. One who knew her well informs me that she was always hovering in or about the Chancery Courts, generally in court, and that she was the victim of some prolonged Chancery suit which had turned her head.

Another character in "Bleak House" can be identified. The portrait of that expert detective, Inspector Bucket, was taken from the late Mr. Field, chief of detective police, who frequently had the honor of accompanying Dickens during his exploration of the haunts of crime, vice, and misery in the great metropolis, where he found so much material for his famous stories.

We are told that the first notion of the "Tale of Two Cities" occurred to the author while acting with his friends and his children in Mr. Wilkie Collins's drama of "The Frozen Deep," and there can be no doubt that the idea was still further promoted by a perusal of Carlyle's "French Revolution," written many years previously. The principal personage in Mr. Collins's play, named Richard Wardour, is remarkable for extreme self-denial and other good qualities, the dramatic nature of which so struck Dickens that he availed himself of that conception of the character by reproducing the same qualities in the person of Sydney Carton, the hero of the story. Richard Wardour may therefore be considered as the original form of Sydney Carton.

Mr. Edmund Yates is, I believe, responsible for the statement that the character of Mr. Stryver, Sydney Carton's great ally, was drawn from Mr. Edwin James, a well-known legal functionary some thirty years ago. Mr. Yates says: "One day I took Dickens — who had never seen Edwin James — to one of these consultations. James laid himself out to be specially agreeable; Dickens was quietly observant. About four months after appeared the early numbers of 'A Tale of Two Cities,' in which a prominent part was played by Mr. Stryver. After reading the description, I said to Dickens: 'Stryver is a good likeness!' He smiled. 'Not bad, I think,' he said, 'especially after only one sitting!'"

The Christmas stories published with *Household Words*, and *All the Year Round*, were the joint product of several well-known writers, each preparing one or two chapters, which in reality form a series of distinct tales. The initial chapter of "The Haunted House" was from Dickens's pen, and he there alludes to "Mr.

Undery, my friend and solicitor . . . who plays whist better than the whole Law List, from the red cover at the beginning to the red cover at the end." The description of Mr. Undery is taken from the late Mr. Fred Ouvry, who was actually the novelist's friend and solicitor. In another Christmas number, entitled "Tom Tiddler's Ground," there are three chapters by Dickens, in which is introduced a remarkable personage, Mr. Mopes, a hermit, who, "by suffering everything about him to go to ruin, and by dressing himself in a blanket and skewer, and by steeping himself in soot and grease and other nastiness, had acquired great renown in all that country-side . . . He was represented as being all the ages between five-and-twenty and sixty, and as having been a hermit seven years, twelve, twenty, thirty — though twenty, on the whole, appeared the favorite term." Mr. Mopes is no illusion or creation of the fancy. He really lived, moved, and had his being, much in the manner as described. His abode in the county of Hertford pretty closely resembled the rotting, tumble-down dwelling-place so pictur-esque described in "Tom Tiddler's Ground." His real name was James Lucas, and the spot where he resided is about two miles from Stevenage, a station on the Great Northern Railway. The hermit was so well known, that any one in the neighborhood could direct a stranger to the habitation of "Mad Lucas," as people familiarly called him. One of his visitors describes him as "distinctly dirty, comprehensively and permanently so, a fact that was by no means difficult to ascertain, for if on other days the hermit was so far extravagant in dress as to indulge himself in a blanket and skewer, he afterwards — from economical motives, perhaps — dispensed with the skewer and retained the blanket alone, which he continually adjusted and readjusted that it might the more effectually fulfil the requirements of a fastidious public."

James Lucas died nearly fourteen years ago, and shortly after that event a pamphlet was published giving the history of the hermit of Hertfordshire, from which we learn some interesting particulars concerning that eccentric personage. He was descended from an ancient and wealthy Irish family; his father was a man of fortune and had estates in various parts of England, besides owning large sugar plantations in the West Indies. His son, James, was born in London about the year 1811. The family residence is known as Elmwood House, situated at Redcoat's

Green, midway between Hitchin and Stevenage. James Lucas, when he was eight or ten years of age, first went to reside there with his parents, and those who remember him at that time describe him as a strange child, the germs of his subsequent eccentricities being very apparent. As time advanced he allowed his hair to grow long, and rode on horseback, with or without a saddle, at all hours of the day and night. He was, however, intellectually most acute, well versed in Shakespeare, and in the standard works of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, could compose and recite poetry, and was fond of athletics. The determining cause of that life of wretchedness and seclusion which he led for a quarter of a century was, without doubt, the death of his mother, when his eccentricity developed into madness. He was passionately fond of his mother, was intensely grieved at her death, and absolutely refused to allow her body to be interred, watching it night and day for thirteen weeks, immovable and inconsolable. The funeral at length took place, when he commenced to isolate himself from the world, closed up all the rooms in the house, and lived, as we have seen, in a state of filth and semi-starvation, in such manner passing the remainder of his days and becoming an object of interest to numerous visitors, with whom he would converse through the bars of a window. Mr. Forster, who was a lunacy commissioner, examined him to see if he could find any trace of insanity, and, far from discovering any aberration of mind, he found the hermit to be a man of most acute intellect. He was discovered in an apoplectic fit one morning in April, 1874, and death took place a few days later. Dickens, when staying with his friend Lord Lytton at Knebworth, was driven over to see the original of Mr. Mopes, but Lucas said that the novelist never visited him. A copy of "Tom Tiddler's Ground," given him by a friend, bore unmistakable signs of having been carefully perused by the hero himself, who pronounced the publication to be neither more nor less than one of the many attempts to injure and annoy him; he believed that an enemy, understood to be a relative, had instigated Dickens, and probably paid him well to make up the story, which, he said, was false from beginning to end, and contained many inaccuracies.

The story of "Hunted Down" was specially written for the *New York Ledger*. Dickens had seized upon the career of Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, the poi-

soner, as a foundation for his fiction, where his name appears as Mr. Julius Slinkton of the Middle Temple. The actual facts incidental to the career of T. G. Wainewright are even more extraordinary than those related in the narrative, and it is worthy of remark that Lord Lytton, in his powerful novel, "Lucretia," also availed himself of the record of the villainy of the same notorious criminal.

After the completion of the first three numbers of "Our Mutual Friend," the illustrator of that work, Mr. Marcus Stone, told Dickens of an extraordinary trade he had discovered, through one of his painting requirements. It was the establishment of Mr. Venus, preserver of animals and birds, and articulator of human bones; the same establishment as that so minutely described by Mr. Venus himself. "My working bench. My young man's bench. A Wice. Tools. Bones, warious. Skulls, warious. Preserved Indian baby. African ditto. Bottled preparations, warious. Everything within reach of your hand, in good preservation. The mouldy ones a-top. What's in those hampers over there again, I don't quite remember. Say, human warious. Cats. Articulated English baby. Dogs. Ducks. Glass eyes, warious. Mummied bird. Dried cuticle, warious. Oh, dear me! That's the general panoramic view." Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has identified the shop as No. 42 St. Andrew Street, near The Dials, which he describes as a shop whose window is filled with as disagreeable a category of objects as was found in the establishment of the apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet" — skulls, jaw and thigh bones, skeletons of monkeys, stuffed birds, horns of all kinds, prepared skins, and everything unpleasant in the anatomical line. The proprietor of this miscellaneous stock in trade was, of course the prototype of Mr. Venus. "This original character," writes Mr. Fitzgerald, "excited much attention; and a friend of the great writer, as well as of the present chronicler, passing through this street was irresistibly attracted by this shop and its contents — kept by one J. Willis. When he next saw Mr. Dickens, he said, 'I am convinced I have found the original of "Venus;"' on which said Mr. Dickens, 'You are right!'" Any one who then visited the place could recognize the dingy, gloomy interior, the articulated skeleton in the corner, the genial air of thick grime and dust; but now the place is changed, — Mr. Venus has departed, and his successor deals in second-hand clothing for ladies.

In the unfinished story of "Edwin

Drood," considered by Longfellow as one of the novelist's most beautiful works, there are given but very slight indications of the prototypes of the characters. The picture of the opium-eater and her den was drawn from nature, the former being thus described by Mr. Fields, who accompanied the novelist to the spot: "We found a braggart old woman blowing at a kind of pipe made of an old ink-bottle; and the words which Dickens puts into the mouth of this wretched creature in 'Edwin Drood,' we heard her croon as we leaned over the tattered bed in which she was lying."

A visitor on being shown over Rochester Cathedral a few years ago, by chance asked the gossiping old verger whether Dickens had not got him for one of the characters in his last novel. Said he, "The question is whether I am not Tope." It is suggested that some of the better qualities and peculiarities of Durdles may be recognized in Mr. John Brooker, of Higham. The origin of some of the names may be traced to Rochester and neighborhood, for that of Jasper is a common one in the old city, and Drood is an adaptation of Trood, the cognomen of the late landlord of the Sir John Falstaff at Gad's Hill.

NOTE. — Since this article was written, an item of Dickensian interest was elicited by an amusing digression in an action for damages recently heard in the High Court of Justice before Baron Huddleston. This was nothing less than the identification of the origin of the name of Pickwick. Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, a son of the novelist, was retained as counsel for the defence, and in the course of the trial he intimated that he meant to call as a witness a Mr. Pickwick.

Baron Huddleston: "Pickwick is a very appropriate witness to be called by Dickens" (laughter). Mr. Dickens: "I fully believe that the sole reason why I was instructed in this case was that I might call Mr. Pickwick" (laughter). "And it may interest your lordship to learn that the witness is a descendant — the grandnephew, I believe — of Mr. Moses Pickwick, who kept a coach at Bath, and that I have every reason to believe that it was from this Moses Pickwick that the name of the immortal Pickwick was taken. I dare say your lordship will remember that that very eccentric and faithful follower of Mr. Pickwick — Sam Weller — seeing the name outside the coach, was indignant, because he thought it was a personal reflection upon his employer, and he was accordingly anxious to inflict dignified punishment upon the offender."

Mr. Dickens, having apologized for the digression, and admitted that the temptation was too strong for him, resumed the conduct of the case.

F. G. KITTON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
HYMNS AND HYMNALS.

THE question, What is a hymn? may be fairly set down as one of those subordinate and collateral queries growing out of the larger and more central one, What is poetry? — a question that has obtained such a diversity of answers from the philosophical critic possessed of a misdirected craze for analysis. Both the central and the secondary question belong to that category of inquiries which, from the nature of the case, do not admit of exact definition. All of us who are acquainted with the masterpieces of Wesley, Montgomery, Keble, Milman, Faber, Newman, and many others, know a good hymn when we see it; but a specimen is one thing, a definition quite another. In our attempt to explain and lay bare the hidden manna of power which has enabled the best of these compositions to find their way into the mind and heart of the English-speaking world, and hold their places there against all comers, we lose our labor. In appraising the value of any poetical product of the highest order, whether it be a hymn or a lyric — and at their best there is more than a likeness between the two — it is impossible to resolve them into their component parts, and disengage that invisible attribute, that "participation of divineness" in them, which gives them their unnameable charm, and, in short, makes them what they are.

When St. Augustine defined a hymn as a "song of praise to God," he was speaking to an age and to an audience whose hymnology, both in character and extent, was widely different from ours. Like everything else, the subject has widened with the process of the suns, and to restrict our hymns to subjects having reference only to direct adoration of the Almighty, it would be necessary to dismiss from our best collections more than half of their contents. Such a rule, strictly enforced, would indeed exclude from our service, for example, that universally known and approved version of the Hundredth Psalm paraphrased by Kethe, although commonly attributed to Hopkins. For, admirably appropriate as it is for public worship, the psalm is not addressed directly to Heaven, but rather an exhortation to earth and its people to praise and magnify the Lord. St. Augustine's definition, then, if at any time it ever did decide the difficulty, can no longer cover the immense area over which the modern hymn has dispersed, diffused, and, in some cases, dissipated itself. Compilations of

hymns grow so fast on every side, that it is hardly possible to form any correct estimate of their number, especially since it has become the fashion amongst many congregations outside the Established Churches (who generally keep to one) to have compilations of their own. In such a state of things, one naturally calls to mind St. Paul's rebuke to the Church of Corinth: "How is it, then, brethren? when ye come together, every one of you hath a psalm, hath a doctrine," etc. But this superfluity of hymns — if not in doctrine — happily corrects itself. It is apt to "die of its own too much." The tree bears more fruit than it can ripen, and the weaklings wither off. Taking no account of the vast quantity of religious verse which every year issues from the press merely to die and make no sign, there are about twenty-five hundred hymns extant from which the compiler can choose, and yet not more than ten per cent. of these are common to our best collections, so difficult is it for a hymn to reach that point of excellence which enables it to take a permanent place in both the religion and literature of the country, and at which it becomes impossible for any compiler, with credit to himself, to exclude it. If we take the number of hymns in a collection to average about five hundred (they usually run from four to six hundred), and deduct the ten per cent. — the two hundred and fifty we have spoken of as finding a place in every good hymnal — we are still left with two hundred and fifty which are more or less infrequently used, and which are still undergoing that probationary existence in which their final merit is not yet set at rest. The gradual selection of the fittest in English hymnology has been the quiet work of generation upon generation. Our best hymns have come to us through a slow but sure ordeal. Time has put them into his unfailing crucible, and though the net proportion of pure metal seems small beside the mass under assay, yet these two hundred and fifty hymns — or thereabout — which have passed through the experiment, constitute perhaps a more glorious anthology of sacred song than has ever been brought together in any language. That this refining process must be continuous and unceasing, in order to meet the growing aspirations of the future, nothing proves more conclusively than the past history of the subject. Life, spiritual as well as physical, is a finely adjusted balance between replenishment and waste. Stagnant water does not breed impurity

more quickly than stagnant emotion in such a case, and the real vitality of the Church is probably more indebted to the receptivity and mobility of its hymnology — the free and unfettered reciprocity of its exports and imports — than to all its articles of faith; articles of subscription having a readier tendency to degenerate, by their very taken-for-granted fixity, into the mere husk and letter of religion, while our books of praise, by the observance of this give-and-take law of life, retain their freshness and attractiveness. Fixity, however, has its proper place, and mobility is not without its risks, and nothing has demonstrated more completely the danger of over-emphasizing the sentimental side of religion than the humiliating and sometimes profane depths to which the praise of God has been allowed to fall, under the influence of so-called revivals, proving that true religion, ever jealous of the falsehood of extremes, no more draws its real life from a washy and invertebrate emotion than it does from the doctrinal dry bones of the theological anatomist.

Happily our best collections, containing those hymns which stand accredited by the approval and consensus of all the Churches, have escaped this deeper infection, although, without regard to sect or party, or particular school of thought, their treasures have been drawn from all quarters, securing in this way a unity and catholicity which no other part of public worship can show. When unity on any theological basis seems as remote as ever, it is doubtless no small satisfaction to those who have that object really at heart, as well as to those who have not yet mastered the Christian grace of mental reservation in their attitude to the standards of the Church, to find that at all events they stand upon common ground in the praises sung and accepted by almost every shade of orthodoxy in Christendom, and without the leading of whose luminous incense cloud religious life to many would sometimes seem little better than a desert of dogma and disruption. And who shall say that a unity of trust and aspiration may not be quite as acceptable to the God to whom it is directed, as a unity of subscription to a set of abstract problems, of which at least nineteen out of twenty professing Christians know absolutely nothing?

Although we have said that our hymnology has, generally speaking, escaped the contamination of our grosser revival epidemics, it would not be true to the history of the subject to say that, to a certain

extent, it has ever escaped the influence of "the tune o' the time." Our more important religious revivals have all of them left their mark, whether the movement came from priest or people, from High Church or Low Church, or whether the representative of the prevailing influence were John Wesley or John Keble. The extent to which our devotions have sometimes been controlled by the fashion of this world is a subject perhaps more profitable than pleasant to our self-esteem. It is a fact beyond dispute, nevertheless, that the Church has always been a very faithful mirror of the passing moment — an abstract and brief chronicle of the time, as Shakespeare might have put it; for in fact it has been almost as instrumental as the stage itself in showing the age and body of the time his form and pressure, throwing off in endless variety representative types as widely asunder as the sporting parson of our fathers' day and the Father Ignatius of our own. The Church movement in vogue for the time being, has sometimes set its seal not only on the ritual of its exponents, but has frequently affected even such sublunary particulars as dress and diet. Thackeray, speaking of the Oxford movement, describes the period as that at which "the curate cut off his coat-collar and let his hair grow, when he went without dinner on Fridays, and signed his letters on the feast of St. So-and-so, and the vigil of St. What-do-you-call-'em." But the great Anglican revival of the first decade of her Majesty's eventful reign, fertile as it was in material for the satiric pen of Thackeray or pencil of Leech, had its great and grave side, as well as its feeble and fashionable one. Stripped of the affectations of its weaker supporters, and all the mediæval and ecclesiastical accretions which disfigured it, it stands out a great and remarkable movement; and it has furnished no better proof of its subtle and saintly power than the harvest it has left at the disposal of the eclectic gleaner in the field of sacred song.

One would naturally suppose that the almost universal suffrage by which our best and most beautiful hymns have been selected and handed down to us, would have proved a sufficient guarantee against anything like serious tampering with the integrity of their text; but such, unfortunately, is not the case. The hymn, in common with many other things both in the animal and vegetable world, seems to possess the faculty of producing its own specific parasite; for, strange as it may appear, the most inveterate enemy of the

hymn, as regards the purity of its original text, is no other than the hymn-compiler. The besetting sin of the collector of hymns is old enough almost to have acquired a kind of privilege; and to follow up the literary history of some of our oldest and best compositions through their successive versions would occupy a volume.

In comparatively modern times both authors and compilers are implicated. The Wesleys altered George Herbert and some of the elder hymnologists, as well as Watts, who, however, had taken an equal liberty with the psalter. In their turn the Wesleys themselves fell a prey to the ubiquitous literary manipulator; for we find John Wesley, in a preface to his "Methodist's Hymn-book," bitterly complaining of the collectors of his time, and begging the gentlemen who had done his brother Charles and himself the honor of reproducing their verses without their consent, henceforth to put the true reading in the margin, so that neither he nor his brother should be "any longer accountable for the nonsense or the doggerel of other men." A certain retributive Nemesis seems always to have dogged the heels of the successful writer of hymns, who has also lent himself to the lower business of collector. The warning has been as plain as whisper in the ear, *He that compileth shall be compiled*, but it has passed unheeded. James Montgomery complains of the same treatment of his verses — the same "cross," as he called it — in a preface to his collected hymns, although he too, in his "Christian Psalmist," had freely *compiled* the works of other people. More than twenty years ago Lord Selborne (then Sir Roundell Palmer) vigorously renewed the protest in the preface to his "Book of Praise," but with no appreciable effect. Things have gone from bad to worse, until it has been left to our own day to develop in its fullest activity the energies of this destructive literary parasite.

There are certain universally discredited occupations to which that of the hymn-compiler is rapidly conforming, and by which it may be useful to test and measure it, even if the inquiry have no more important result than a mere exercise in comparative morality. There is, in the first place, the old outstanding distrust of the lawyer; but that, we all know, is only a vulgar superstition. The suspicion against the entire uprightness of the dealer in horse-flesh is more difficult to get rid of, and will probably die hard. Again, an absolute belief in the sincerity of the mod-

ern politician, especially if he be a patriot, implies an amount of childlike confidence which is every day becoming more rare. And lastly, we have that significant political factor, the publican, engaged in a calling perhaps more discredited than all. And yet each of these avocations, looked upon askance by what no doubt appears to them a censorious and hypercritical public, is guarded by restrictions from which the hymn-collector is absolutely free. We can insist upon an audit of our lawyer's charges; and from those gentlemen who are always ready to dispose of a perfectly sound animal "to a friend" at little more than half its value, we can demand a warranty. The politician again, besides being, as we all know, a fit and proper person, is kept in proper restraint by his constituents, or ought to be — although in this instance it must be admitted that cases do exist where any weak-minded departure in the direction of honor or uprightness might endanger his seat in Parliament. As for the publican, he is guarded all round by guarantee upon guarantee. He is almost a sacred institution. The Church upholds him on one side, and the law on the other. He must not only be such a man as may be trusted with a license, but must have a certificate from his clergyman, and another from a justice of peace, before he can ply his trade. It may be here objected that this species of ordination and laying on of hands to which he has been submitted has not as yet, in any conspicuous degree, brought down from heaven that amount of sweetness and light upon his vocation which all right-minded people had a right to expect from the performance. Again, looking at his occupation by the somewhat lurid light thrown upon it by the police reports, it may be gravely questioned whether even the certificate of the justice of peace has had the effect of making his calling either more just or more peaceable. Disreputable as some of these vocations may appear, let us fairly compare the collector and trader in hymns with any of them, and ask in what respect is he better? None of the above-mentioned traders offers in the open market property as their own which does not belong to them. None of them adulterates their merchandise more shamelessly than he does. A great part of his work is carried on in flagrant defiance of the law of the land — the law of copyright. Plagiarism is no word for him. The ordinary plagiarist is a fool beside him. One's attention is frequently called to the piratical "mote"

in the eye of our American cousin; but in this particular the hymn-compiler's home-grown "beam" leaves him far behind. He not only appropriates the work of others without the consent, and frequently without the knowledge, of the rightful owner; but he adds and alters it, deducts and defaces, cuts and carves it into conformity with his own theological fad, and then, with an effrontery that almost takes one's breath away, tacks to the title-page of his stolen and mutilated goods, the words, "all rights reserved"!

Before proceeding further, however, with so grave a charge, it is necessary to point out that all the alterations in our hymnals are divisible into two distinct classes. To the first class belong all such restorations in English and orthography as are necessary, in our oldest hymns, to make them intelligible to the average church-goer; all such changes as are necessary to fit certain compositions to the requirements of music, and such alterations, abridgments, and adaptations of poems as will render them more suitable to a service for which many of them were not originally written. A large proportion of these changes, unimportant as regards the integrity of the text, have been made with the ready consent of the author, and not infrequently by the author himself. No one could, in reason, find fault with such alterations as these; and it is not with these we have to do. Again, if this serious indictment had reference only to those obscure hymn-collectors whose short-lived efforts fail to secure anything like recognition, except in the most limited sense, the protest would not have been worth making. Amongst the crowds who have employed themselves in this kind of work there are many who, of course, possess no aptitude whatever for what they attempt. Such persons and their performances are to be reckoned amongst the hostages we pay to civilization — the inevitable character of an age, by which an overcrowded and complacent mediocrity becomes the ordinary and every-day curse of all the arts. Who is not well aware — to take an illustration from one of the arts most commonly exercised — that there is probably not more than one musician in a thousand of those so-called performers, who, on one instrument or another, daily afflict their long suffering fellow-creatures? The collector of hymns, in like manner, exercises in many instances no higher faculty than the collector of autographs or postage-stamps. In each case the material lies ready to

hand, and the only qualification, if it may be called one, is a bottle of dilute gum-arabic. For any further coherence, continuity, or connection, such volumes possess, the credit belongs exclusively to the binder. Against such collections there is nothing to be said. Their speedy removal into time's wallet of oblivion — that universal dust-bin of all the futilities — disarms criticism. It is not to these nor to any variations of text these may contain that attention need be drawn, but to the unscrupulous treatment of our choicest hymns by educated and responsible editors, in collections not only having the authority and recommendation of men of the highest standing in the Church, but which, by all but a small minority of professing Christians, are accepted without a word of protest or disapproval.

It is time, however, to illustrate and define this general charge by reference to particular examples; and in order to keep the examination on the broadest basis, we shall call into the witness-box such hymns only as are to be found in every good collection, and which, without regard to sect or party, are universally used, in one shape or another, by all the Churches, and that not in this alone, but in every country where the English language is spoken. Let us take, as our first example, that hymn of Milman's, known and esteemed by every one, the solemn and beautiful litany beginning, "When our heads are bowed with woe," and see what kind of treatment it has had at the hands of responsible editors, both outside and inside the Church. Outside the Church, then, there is perhaps no more complete or more widely known anthology than the "Hymns of Praise and Prayer" collected and edited by Dr. Martineau. In speaking of a hymnal outside the orthodox pale, inevitable deductions may of course be made on theological grounds; these, however, have no place in our argument. Suffice it to say, that with these allowances Dr. Martineau's collection is in many respects one of the best in the English language. But it becomes all the more incomprehensible how such an utter travesty of Milman's exquisite poem could possibly find a place in a collection edited by any one possessing a tithe either of the gifts or the culture of Dr. Martineau. Yet there the poem stands, garbled in every stanza; while the whole of the concluding verse is no alteration in the ordinary sense, but a gratuitous and unwarranted substitution, in which the sense of the original totally disappears. The

editor of this collection has not only given in many cases the original source of the hymn he selects, but when there has been any alteration made, furnishes us with the date, and the name of the person who is accountable for the change—in such a case, for example, as Bishop Horne's adaptation of George Herbert's "Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright!" or Samuel Longfellow's alteration of the verses taken from the "Sorrow of Teresa." Even in cases where the personality of the versifier is a matter of doubt, he gives the probable name, as in the paraphrase of that memorable burst of eloquence at the close of the "Organic Filaments" in "Sartor Resartus"—all of which annotations are both interesting and edifying.

To the garbled version, however, of Milman's beautiful hymn, not a word of explanation is added—nothing but the bare signature—although the person who is accountable for the mutilation must have well known that to put the name of "Henry Hart Milman" to the foot of these verses as they stand, was neither more nor less than a misrepresentation of the fact. If an editor cannot utilize a poem for the purpose aimed at in his collection without such an inexcusable violation

both of text and sense, surely the honest and obvious course is to let it alone. In the Church of England's versions of the same hymn one would expect to find more reverence for the text of a brother churchman, but here again one occasionally encounters the same reprehensible practice. In "Hymns Ancient and Modern," as well as the popular collection issued by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the hymn conforms to the original, except in one unimportant and generally accepted particular in the refrain; but in the widely circulated "Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer," the old offence reappears. In this collection the poem is doubly defaced, and it would be difficult to determine whether subtraction or addition has done it the greater injustice. In order to show the injury which has been done it is necessary to examine the original hymn, both as regards its argument and construction. The poem, then, is in form a kyrielle, in subject and effect an antiphonal miserere, consisting of twenty-four lines as a whole; but distinctly divisible into three separate poems of eight lines each, on the three distinct subjects of sorrow, death, and sin. For the sake of illustration it may be tabulated thus:—

<p>When our heads are bowed with woe, When our bitter tears o'erflow, When we mourn the lost, the dear, Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!</p> <p>(For) Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn, Thou our mortal griefs hast borne, Thou hast shed the human tear; Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!</p> <p>(For) When the solemn death-bell tolls For our own departing souls, When our final doom is near, Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!</p> <p>(For) Thou hast bowed the dying head, Thou the blood of life hast shed, Thou hast filled a mortal bier; Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!</p> <p>(For) When the heart is sad within With the thought of all its sin; When the spirit shrinks with fear; Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!</p> <p>(For) Thou the shame, the grief, hast known— Though the sins were not Thine own, Thou hast deigned their load to bear; Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!</p>	<p>SORROW.</p> <p>DEATH.</p> <p>SIN.</p>
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It will be seen that each of the three themes treated in the poem proceeds upon identical lines, the second stanza of each subject forming a responsive counterpart,

or antiphonal pendant, to the stanza immediately preceding it; the two verses being interlinked and interwoven with such masterful art, that one may arrange the eight

lines almost in any order without injuring their general effect. The lines may be read alternately, with no perceptible diminution of either their force or beauty, thus :—

When our hearts are bowed with woe,
(Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,)
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
(Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,)
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
(Thou hast shed the human tear;)
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

It may seem unnecessary to add that it would be quite impossible to separate the two verses required to complete each theme, in a poem so perfectly welded together as this, without positive fracture and consequent ruin to the entire hymn; but this is exactly what has been done by the editors of the "Hymnal Companion."

They have removed bodily the first four lines which treat of death, creating thereby a complete hiatus, and leaving its companion verse a broken fragment, responsive to nothing, and attached to nothing. Any reader who has been accustomed to use the hymn in the original must be shocked at being suddenly brought face to face with such a strange breach of continuity. There is no getting over the barbarous dislocation. A conductor may as well abstract four bars from a symphony of Mozart, and expect an intelligent orchestra to go on as if nothing had happened. There are hymns no doubt which are much indebted to the pruning-knife, but there is no question of curtailment here. It is not a case of abridgment, but a case of mutilation. An additional verse is offered at the end of the poem, by an unknown imitator, to make up, we suppose, for the loss of the one that has been purloined from the middle of it, and Dr. Bickersteth has the temerity to recommend the lines of this anonymous personator, as a "solemn climax" to the hymn. It commits, in fact, the identical offence against the construction of the poem already noticed. The added verse has no real homogeneity with the rest of the poem. Unlike every other part of the original, it has no allied stanza, it subtends no other verse and responds to none, and the author of it has no more merit than what is reflected from the verses he attempts to imitate — namely, the merit we allow to an indifferent mimic. Standing where it does, it is an entirely irrelevant and supernumerary appendage, and — if we must admit its solemnity — a solemn excrescence. But, more than this, it is

not Milman's, and therefore has no right to be there at all.

The expression "Son of Mary" in the supplicatory refrain of this beautiful litany has been one that has greatly exercised the mind of the professional hymn-cobbler. It has been altered in many different ways — "Man of Sorrows," "Son of David," "Loving Saviour," etc. — and although the original phrase has been, with one exception, retained in our best collections, including the "Scottish Hymnal," it is a pity that this exception should again be the "Hymnal Companion." The Bishop of Exeter tells us, in the annotated edition of his hymnal, that although the original phrase expresses "the great truth of our Lord's humanity," it has been objected to by many, and that in short, rather than give offence, he has substituted another. What kind of men or women they can possibly be who object to the great truth of our Lord's humanity it is not easy to conceive; and that a bishop of the Church of England should, through dread of giving offence, submit to be ruled by "the many" who hold such an irrational and heretical prejudice, is equally difficult to understand. The right reverend doctor might have called to his aid the record that the son of Mary himself proved a rock of offence to perhaps much the same kind of multitude as he has been tempted to propitiate and accommodate. In his amiable apprehensiveness of giving offence, and thereby lending his authority and countenance to the groundless and puerile objections of those who, for reasons only known to themselves, affect to be scandalized at the employment of language which expresses the great truth of our Lord's humanity, has he not been unwittingly betrayed into an offence much more grave? The apostolic injunction to live peaceably with all men as much as lieth in us may be carried too far; and Dr. Bickersteth might have reflected that St. Paul himself, in his anxiety to become all things to all men, probably drew the line at old women. In such matters, it is not the many, but the fit and the few, who should take courage to decide; a mere *plebiscitum* of noses in such a case, without further qualification, is of no avail.

Great is Demos of these days, no doubt, but we trust that the time is yet far off when he will be invested with the power of putting in our mouths what we have to say either in our praises or our prayers. It would be a curious consummation of our boasted progress if a day should arrive, when not only the parliaments of

men but the temples of God are handed over to the enlightened manipulation of the delegates of Demos, who, regardless of any qualification, should be trusted with the power to direct and control us in the exercise of the highest employment of which our natures are capable. In making concessions against one's better judgment, to the prejudices of the many, on subjects upon which they have not taken the trouble to inform themselves, it is not only the first step that counts. In supporting the substitution of the phrase "Son of David" for that of "Son of Mary" in the original, by the argument that "Son of David" is an epithet recorded in the Gospel, the editor only gets deeper in the mire; as if it were not also recorded in the Gospel that Jesus was the son of Mary. But he does not even stop here, for in order that his error may be "nailed w' Scripture" he has been tempted to choose a text as title to the poem in which the phrase occurs, but which in other respects is curiously infelicitous and misleading. Every stanza of this pathetic litany turns upon the great truth of our Lord's humanity, and therefore lends a peculiar appropriateness to the phrase "Son of Mary." The title-text for such a hymn is beyond question that of Isaiah, "Surely He hath borne our griefs;" or its equally suggestive New Testament equivalent, adopted by the editors of the "Scottish Hymnal," "For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

We have spoken of this poem of Dean Milman's at some length, not only on account of its intrinsic excellence, but because the liberties that have been taken with it represent almost every variety of tinkering to which a hymn is liable; and before parting with it, attention may be directed to what may be called almost a curiosity in text-corruption, occurring in the first stanza of the otherwise genuine transcript given in the "Scottish Hymnal." In that version, the line "When we mourn the lost, the dear," is altered to "When we mourn *in sorrow drear*," for what reason it is impossible to conjecture. Not for euphony, surely, nor to challenge a *tour de force* in singing the letter *r* five times in five syllables. Nor, surely, can there be any question as to the propriety of mourning a lost friend; for in the responding line in the companion stanza, "Thou hast shed the human tear," we have a direct reference to the sanction and example of our Lord in this very particular. To set aside a line at once so simple and

so beautiful as this, just one of those touches of nature that binds in one the hearts of every congregation — "Who has not lost a friend?" — and put in its place this vapid generality, this forcible-feeble pleonasm, may be taken as an illustration of what the hymn-patcher is capable of at his worst.

One of the most reprehensible practices of this variety of literary intruder, and one that from the point of view of literary ethics shows a very miserable ambition on the part of the writer who stoops to it, is the very common attempt to tack on, by way of continuation, an additional verse or two in imitation of a poem which has already achieved an almost universal fame. The most flagrant example of this species of sacrilegious parody is the wholly unnecessary addition to Cardinal Newman's world-famous poem "Lead, kindly Light," as it stands in the "Hymnal Companion." We shall not speak evil of dignities, because it is impossible to conceive that Dr. Bickersteth could have been led so far out of the path of ordinary propriety, except under a strong and conscientious sense of the virtue and necessity of what he was doing. In any other department of literature such a thing would not be tolerated for a moment. The fact that the liberty has been taken with the work of an author still living only aggravates the offence, and the author himself in this case leaves no doubt as to how he regards it. In answer to a correspondent on the subject, Cardinal Newman has declared that his poem consists of three stanzas only, and that the fourth and final one published in the "Hymnal Companion" is not authentic, but the unwarranted addendum of another pen. Instances of well-meant meddling and muddling with other men's work in a similar manner are to be met with in every compilation; and the fact that the patchwork is seldom done with so accomplished a pen as that of the Bishop of Exeter, does not justify him in lending his influential example to a practice so readily capable of abuse. Lord Selborne has long ago pointed out how easily a hymn may be spoiled in this way, and that, with the very best intentions, "the most exemplary soundness of doctrine cannot atone for doggerel."

Besides all this, mimicry of the accepted work of a true poet, judged by the ordinary standards of literary propriety, is not a creditable thing. Except in the hands of writers whose genial facility amounts almost to genius, as in the case of the authors of "Rejected Addresses," or that

of the late Mr. Calverley, it is a talent which does not readily command much respect, and the exercise of which is happily, and almost exclusively, confined to our comic journals. Burlesque is its proper and congenial platform, whence, after serving the purpose of the passing moment, it usually disappears everlasting. Surely the feeling, almost amounting to sanctity, both in the household and the Church, which has grown around these two hymns of Newman's and Milman's, might have protected them against the gratuitous vagaries of an accomplishment which, in any department of literature beyond that of the mere parodist, has hardly the power to lift itself above contempt.

What, then, is the overwhelming motive which tempts and emboldens men to take this liberty with works of acknowledged genius? It cannot be the paltry desire to use another man's inspiration to float verses that without such assistance would refuse to float at all — the miserable attempt to blow their own fires, and fill their own sails with the divine breath of an afflatus not their own. No; the steady dead-weight of the average addendum prohibits such a conclusion; the day of miracles has passed, and the reason must be looked for elsewhere. On closer examination, it will be found that those additions are mostly suggested by the supposed want of some clearly enunciated article of faith, some supposed absence of declared orthodoxy, without which, in the opinion of the writer, the hymn would be incomplete. The want in most cases is consequently supplied from perfectly sincere motives of theological propriety and edification. If the addendum in every case were as meritorious as the motive which evoked it, there might be less to complain of; but most of these additions have been made by people who have neither insight nor imagination, and who probably thought Lord Selborne guilty of something very like profanity when he spoke of the perfect compatibility of doctrine and doggerel. There can be no doubt that this supposed necessity for the continual obtrusion of doctrine in our praises has been at the bottom of more than half the mischief. Doctrine in season and out of season is surely pushed beyond its legitimate uses, and out of its proper place, when in addition to its recognition in our confessions, and having it enforced from the pulpit, we are asked to sing it as well.

It might almost lead one to believe that there are people who require to be con-

vinced that doctrine is a fundamental necessity to religion. Surely no one requires to be told that doctrine is not only an essential basis of Christianity, but the necessary postulate of any kind of religion whatever. Belief in something, expressed or implied, is the one logical and indispensable requirement. Neither in the body nor in the spirit can any man lift himself up by his own waistband; there must be footing and fulcrum somewhere. Without doctrine religion is not only impossible — it is inconceivable. One may as well attempt to form a definite conception of a melody separated from the mathematical substratum of time which regulates it, and without the support of whose unseen framework it would collapse into an unintelligible and chaotic gibberish. One may as well withdraw the backbone from a vertebrate animal and ask it to sit up. But yet doctrine itself is no more religion than time itself is a melody, or the backbone itself is an animal. Doctrine is only the potential raw material of religion, and like other raw materials we use — silk, or cotton, or wool — it must pass into the higher form of fabric before it can be made available. As long as doctrine remains in the rudimentary form of raw material — as it comes, so to speak, from the sheep, or the worm, or the plant — its proper place is among the other dried specimens of the theological museum. Before it enters the sanctuary of praise, it should have passed from this condition into the higher phase of a fabric — a garment, not for a dead hypothesis, but for a living soul. It is this prosaic use of doctrine in its raw state, instead of that higher and less earthly condition in which it clothes itself in the singing robes of faith and trust and aspiration, which gives to many of our hymns, altered and unaltered, the heavy and wooden and wingless character they possess.

To write a hymn without doctrine and conviction of some kind being taken for granted at the outset is, of course, impossible. Such a hymn as "Lead, kindly Light" is full to overflowing of this unobtruded but fundamental necessity. It is a confession of faith from beginning to end. It contains a belief and implicit trust in God, not in any loose and general sense, but in a particular Providence watching every step in life. It contains a confession of sin, contrition for sin, and a supplication for forgiveness of sin, ending in the hope and faith of being led past all earthly dangers to a glorious immortality, expressed in as exquisite language as ever hallowed the purposes of prayer.

In such a poem doctrine is not eliminated — it is spiritualized. It passes through the crucible of the poet's genius, and in the process the dead letter of doctrine disappears, and the soul of it is all in all. The inability to recognize doctrine in a hymn, unless the bones of it are visibly sticking through, argues a mental condition not so uncommon as it might be ; but to accept such a state of mind as a gauge to which the understanding of a congregation should be pared down, would rob us not only of our best modern hymns, but also of our best paraphrases of Scripture, including, signally, the Psalms of David.

But let us take the question outside the walls of the church, and look at it by the ordinary laws and the ordinary light of literary criticism. Let us consider these masterpieces of sacred song merely as an integral part of the great poetical inheritance of English-speaking people, and see how the matter stands. Suppose for a moment that liberties similar to those which have been pointed out were being taken with the text of Shakespeare, Shelley, or Browning, what would be the result ? Why, all the Shakespeare, Shelley, and Browning Societies in the world would be up in arms, and with reason. They would have the literary intelligence of the country at their back in one united body, and with one united voice, crying "Hands off !" The culprit who could so far forget his duty to his country and his country's literature — for the two things are inseparable — would never even have a trial. Metaphorically speaking, he would be lynched on the spot, and the universal verdict would be, "Serve him right !"

If there be any reader who thinks that in the exposure of this particular form of literary delinquency any word or phrase of unnecessary severity has been used, we have only to put one test question before leaving the subject. If it be a right and worthy thing to form ourselves into societies, and take elaborate means to protect and purge and purify the poetical text of our secular inheritance, can it be a less worthy thing to exercise a similar care regarding the textual integrity of what the genius of the country has dedicated to the service of the sanctuary ? Or, to put the question in the words of him who is at once our greatest poet and our greatest moralist : —

Shall we serve Heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves ?

J. B. SELKIRK.

From The Spectator.
REALITY AND ROMANCE.

THERE is nothing that a writer of romance longs for more intensely than to give a sense of reality to his stories. For this purpose, Scott is forever parading before his readers, in notes and prefaces, the *pieces justificatives* which show that scenes as thrilling and as impossible as his own have already happened, and that the incidents of his novels are not the mere figments of a story-teller's brain. It has seldom, however, chanced to any writer of fiction to have this sense of reality in his work forced upon the public quite in the way in which, during the past week, Mr. Rider Haggard has had the truth of his romances brought home to his readers. When we read in "The Adventures and Discoveries of Allan Quatermain" how the travellers, as they journey up the Tana River, come suddenly upon the quiet and pleasant mission-house, with its garden, its orchards, and its outhouses, and, above all, with its ditch, ten feet wide, filled with water, in front of a loopholed wall, eight feet high and set at the top with sharp flints ; how, suddenly and without warning, the house is surrounded at night by the pitiless Masai warriors ; and how, in spite of enormous odds and after a fierce struggle, the four white men and the natives they lead are at last victorious, — we feel that all we need for a complete enjoyment of the story is some touch of reality, something to make us quite sure that such things might have happened because they have happened before. That touch of reality has now been given, and in no record of another generation. The *Times* of Monday last contains the account of an attack upon an African mission station, related in perfect simplicity by one of the chief actors, which is simply chapters iii. to viii. in "Allan Quatermain" rewritten. One is the story of a sortie, the other of a siege, — that is the whole difference. Certainly, to find three columns of the *Times* devoted to a story of an African siege which took place only a month or two ago — that is, at the very moment when all the world was reading Mr. Rider Haggard's book — and which entirely "justifies" his last romance, is not a piece of good fortune that happens to every novelist.

The story that is told by the correspondent of the *Times* opens just like one of Mr. Haggard's novels. The narrator tells us how he and a friend start for a month's trip upon Lake Nyassa, and, to do so, ascend the Shire, the affluent of the Zam-

beside which drains that narrow inland sea. Just as in the romances, all goes well with the travellers at the beginning of the journey. They enter the lake with a favoring breeze behind them, and speed fast over the clear blue waters which reflect the noble outlines of the hills that shut them in. A ten-hours' sail brings them in sight of two steamers, the Illala, in which they had determined to make the round of the lake, and a boat belonging to the Union Mission. The news that the travellers hear, however, soon changes their plans. Arab slave-hunters, they learn, as they board the steamer, are threatening the English station of Karonga, at the north end of the lake, and have already attacked a friendly tribe. Two English missionaries are shut up in the station. Help has been demanded from Consul Hawes, and from the manager of the African Lakes Company; but it may be long coming. If we were reading one of Mr. Haggard's romances, we should not, after this, hesitate for a moment to predict what action would be taken by the narrator and his companion. Fortunately, the English race has still a dash of heroism in real life as well as in books, and the prediction need not be withdrawn when we force ourselves to remember that we are not reading a novel. "It seemed clearly our duty to collect what men were available, and render what assistance we could at once." Has not the reader seen such a phrase a hundred times in books of adventure? No less familiar is the declaration, "Dr. Tornory, of the London Church Mission, was willing, and an elephant-hunter, a Mr. Sharpe, had declared his readiness to come." The casual elephant-hunter, who joins the party quite "permiscus," with rifles, no doubt, like young cannons, is a delicious touch. (It is quite impossible to criticise the narrative like a record of facts, though it is obviously true in every line and every word.) We are sure that if the story is ever written out at length, Mr. Sharpe will prove the humorous hero who is always doing some act of quaint daring which makes us at one and the same time laugh at him and love him. Of course, after this, the next step is for the narrator to order the steamer to get up steam, and in twenty-four hours the expedition has started. By steaming night and day, they reach Karonga — the threatened mission — "just in the nick of time" (that, of course, was inevitable), as the missionary in charge explains, for the Arabs had that day made a hostile demonstration. The

party with the mission-house, thus reinforced, numbers seven whites, with sixty guns, and about fifteen hundred friendly natives, including many women and children. With a sense of the proper way to play their part, to be highly commended, the Arabs for three weeks try by every possible sort of provocation to make the mission party take the initiative in the attack. This provocation, however, is resisted, though the constant insults and ingenuities of annoyance indulged in by the enemy make the period of waiting very hard to bear. At last, however, the attack comes. With the dawn of November 24th, five or six hundred of the enemy organize a furious assault upon the mission, hoping to carry it by a rush. The three weeks of grace, however, have been used in strengthening the fortifications; and all idea of taking it by assault is abandoned after an experience of the fire poured from the works in the hour during which the first attack lasts. A steady siege then begins, the Arabs, just as in the romances, showing by their manner of conducting it that "they had among them men trained in some measure to warfare, and accustomed to attack fortified posts." Doubtless all the defenders were great readers of tales of adventure. Imagine, then, their delight when so correct a symptom of the situation developed itself as this. Then, too, another very familiar friend appears to them in the shape of the storehouse, unfortunately left outside the lines, proving a great danger to the besieged, and of the heroic native "who dashed out, torch in hand, under a hot fire, which we returned with interest to cover him," and successfully sets it in a blaze. Surely there is an incident of this sort in "Masterman Ready," or if not, then it is the account of the means taken to get water which is matched in that most excellent of books of adventure. Indeed, it may be said that the siege of the mission-house of Lake Nyassa illustrates by a real incident something or other not only in all Mr. Rider Haggard's works, but in almost every book of the kind that has ever been written. One great cause of heart-searching in most books of the adventurous order, is the fact that none of the white men, in spite of all the fearful fighting, ever get killed. We, of course, are in one sense always immensely delighted at this; but yet, at the same time, we feel a little doubtful whether it can be true, and whether in reality we ought not, however bitter the pang, to have sacrificed the gallant young man with the blue eyes

who acts as second in command, or perhaps even the humorous hero who always does the deeds of superhuman daring with a twinkle in his eye. After such harrowing doubts, it is an immense consolation to find in the real thing that, after five days of a furious fusillade from the Arabs, not a single member of the gallant little garrison is killed, and only two are slightly wounded. We cannot recount here, though it would prove our point still further, all the sorties for food for the cattle, and all the night attacks. We must refrain, too, from telling how during the whole night the whites patrolled the ramparts in watches of two at a time, and how on one occasion an Arab actually crawled within thirty yards of the ditch before he was despatched. The end comes in the most approved fashion. Suddenly the firing ceases, and all is still in the Arab camp. Of course, a ruse is feared; but after some hours of waiting, a sortie is made, and the Arab camp explored and found deserted. The enemy had departed in a body. The reasons is not long in being discovered. In a few hours, the vanguard of an army of five thousand friendly natives who have come to raise the siege, appear upon the scene. Into the rest of the details of the campaign we have not time to enter here, nor to remember how the war is carried into the enemy's country, and how one of their villages is destroyed. Unfortunately, the narrator does not give us very many details. He makes us long, however, for Mr. Rider Haggard to describe such scenes as the magnificent rush of the Wa Mwamba warriors over the stockade. Still more do we need such help in the account of the march home after the old mission-house has been reluctantly abandoned. This march ends in the carrying by surprise of another village, this time that of a hostile native chief. How admirably would Mr. Haggard have told us how the white men crept up to the stockade—so close that they could see “the people sitting round their watch-fires,” and hear “the early risers talking in complete unconsciousness of danger”—how the fire was directed on both faces of the village at once, and how in a few minutes a panic set in, and the whole place was taken practically without resistance. In wishing for Mr. Haggard here, we do not for a moment intend to insinuate that the narrator of the *Times* has not done his work clearly and well. In truth, he has brought the scenes he describes most vividly before us. His narrative, indeed, has only one

fault. It is far too short. All that he does give, however, is as good as can be, and reflects as much credit on his powers of seeing and describing, as his acts in organizing the relief and defending the mission-house do upon his courage and great-heartedness.

After a proof of Mr. Haggard's genuineness such as that we have just been dwelling on, who will be surprised if some day or other we hear that one of those wonderful swords, with the back of the blade cut out in fretwork and inlaid with gold, which Mr. Mackenzie showed to the astonished Allan Quatermain, is for sale in New Bond Street, and that an expedition is about to set out to discover the land of Zuvendis? After all, there may well be greater wonders in the heart of Africa than ever the romancer dreamt of. If we do not find She-who-must-be-obeyed, we may yet discover ruins mightier than those of imperial Khor. The palaces of Yucatan, which are just as wonder-moving, were not found till Mexico had been explored for more than two hundred years; and the Cambodian temples had, till the French conquest, escaped even the gatherers of rumor. Again, if the Zuven-dis race is not made known to us, there may well be a white people somewhere in yet undiscovered Highlands of Africa whose history may be none the less mar-vellous because they must be few, and must have lived a life of perpetual self-defence. The tradition of the existence of such a race is as old as our knowledge of Africa, and such traditions are apt to have a base of reality.

From Nature.
SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS IN ELEMENTARY
SCHOOLS.

A VERY remarkable report has been received by the London School Board from a special committee appointed by it a year ago, “to consider the present subjects and modes of instruction in the Board schools, and to report whether such changes can be made as shall secure that children leaving school shall be more fitted than they now are to perform the duties and work of life before them.”*

The committee, of which Mr. William Bousfield was chairman, was a strong one,

* School Board for London. Report of the Special Committee on the Subjects and Modes of Instruction in the Board's Schools, with Appendices. Hazell, Watson, and Viney, 52 Long Acre.

representing well the various sections of the London Board. It has produced a report of twenty-one folio pages, including no less than thirty-one recommendations, and followed by voluminous minutes of evidence given by scientific men and others, who have paid attention to elementary instruction, teachers of special subjects, inspectors, *employés* of the Board, working-men, representatives, and others.

This important document is the outcome of several movements. The London Board has, throughout its existence, endeavored to promote the teaching of science by means of systematic object-lessons; and has made several attempts to give a more practical turn to the instruction. In December, 1884, a previous special committee reported on technical education, affirming the principle that it was not the duty of the Board to attempt to teach any particular trades, but that it was its duty so to direct the education of its scholars that they could easily take up any special work afterwards, and suggesting various ways by which this might be promoted. Since then the conviction has rapidly grown in the public mind that the teaching is too bookish; the supremacy of the three R's has been rudely assailed; and many people have asserted that other things, such as Lord Reay's three DR's (drill, drawing, and 'droitness), are equally important.

The report — starting with this definition of education: "the harmonious development of all the faculties, bodily and mental, with which the child is endowed by nature," — points out the deficiencies of the present curriculum. It has an earnest paragraph on moral education, and makes various remarks upon the present teaching of history, geography, social economy, and art. But its main criticism is "that the physical or bodily side of education, including the development of muscular strength, of the accuracy and sense of color and proportion of the eye, and of the pliancy and dexterity of the hand, is almost entirely neglected; and that the mental or brain work, which occupies the great bulk of the time in schools of all kinds, is composed far too much of appeals to the memory only, resulting, at the best, in the retention in the child's mind of a mass of undigested facts, and far too little of the cultivation of intelligence." The Kindergarten principle is strongly approved of, and the first recommendation is: "That the methods of Kindergarten teaching in infant schools

be developed for senior scholars throughout the standards in schools, so as to supply a graduated course of manual training in connection with science teaching and object-lessons."

These, then, are the two main directions of progress that are indicated, — the knowledge of nature and the power of work; the development of the perceptive faculties, and the education of the senses — and these two are to go hand in hand.

Object-lessons are common in elementary schools, but much is said, both in the report itself, and in the evidence of Sir John Lubbock and other witnesses, in regard to their improvement, and the importance of good collections of objects. Yet it appears from the appendix that only about forty minutes per week on an average are actually given to these lessons in boys' and girls' schools, and we know from the annual reports of the British Association on the teaching of science in such schools that the present regulations of the government code are actually diminishing the amount of the teaching of geography and elementary science. The special committee, therefore, very properly recommend that application be made to the education department to grant more freedom of choice in the selection of class-subjects; and that the provision for object-lessons, and lessons on natural phenomena, should be taken into account in boys' and girls' schools in assessing the merit grant, as is the case at present with infant schools. The Scotch code has within the last few weeks allowed that either elementary science or English may be taken as the first class-subject, which is a hopeful sign of progress. The favorite scientific subjects taught at present in the London schools are animal physiology and algebra; but the special committee favor the teaching of mechanics and the fundamental notions of physical science by means of special teachers on the peripatetic plan; and they recommend "that the teaching of all subjects be accompanied, where possible, by experiments and ocular demonstration, and that the necessary apparatus be supplied to the schools."

As to manual instruction, it exists in infant schools wherever Kindergarten exercises are practised, but in boys' schools there is often no practice of the kind except in writing. In London, and perhaps in most large towns, drawing is generally taught, and it is universally allowed that this is at the very foundation of technical instruction. The committee recommend

"that all manual instruction should be given in connection with the scientific principles underlying the work, and with suitable drawing and geometry." Drawing to scale is invaluable for teaching accuracy in work. But drawing does not give the best idea of form, and there is a conventional element about it which puzzles little children. Hence modelling in clay is also recommended. The Board started a class for the use of tools in carpentry at Beethoven Street School, Ken-
sington, but the outlay was disallowed by the public auditor. Six such classes, however, are being carried on at the expense of the City Guilds Technical Institute. There is little doubt that the present disability will be shortly removed, and that eventually a work-room or laboratory will become an essential part of every large Board school. How best to give manual instruction is still a matter of discussion and experiment. Good observations about it will be found in the evidence of Mr. Henry Cunynghame, Mr. Davis, of Birmingham, and Professors Unwin and Perry. Mr. Ricks, one of the Board inspectors, has drawn out an elaborate scheme for the development of the Kindergarten system throughout all the standards of a school in the directions spoken of.

Girls are more fortunate than boys in the matter of manual instruction. They are taught needlework universally, and very often cookery. The latter may be considerably extended. Domestic economy also in its various branches should be taught, through practical work, and with reference to scientific principles—as in washing, laying fires, and ventilating rooms.

But how is time to be obtained for the introduction of this perceptive and practical instruction? On that point the committee are very distinct, and there is a singular unanimity among the witnesses that the attention now paid to spelling and grammar is excessive, if not educationally worthless. There is a curious table, too, in the appendix, which gives the results of inquiry as to the subjects of instruction most or least preferred in the various schools. Grammar is so unpopular with both boys and girls that it almost always attains that bad pre-eminence. Spelling or dictation comes second. In fact there is no doubt that the children dislike what they feel does not add either to their pleasure, or their real knowledge. It is proposed "that the time now given to spelling, parsing, and grammar generally, be reduced."

There are two points on which we should have liked to see some recommendations of a more vigorous character. The one refers to the teaching of arithmetic, which as laid down by the code is thoroughly unscientific. The other point is this: there are recommendations in regard to evening classes, the more extended use of the pupil-teachers' schools, and the grouping together of the upper standards of several schools in poor neighborhoods; but this might have been carried much further, and have included the establishment of such valuable institutions as the central schools which are doing such good work in many of the provincial towns, especially in the north of England.

Nevertheless, these recommendations, if they are all allowed to take effect, will mark an era in education. The special committee are happily able to add: "It is significant that these changes are demanded alike by educational theorists, teachers, men of science, leaders of industry, and statesmen, and it rests with the Board to carry them into actual fact." The bill of Sir Henry Roscoe, and that on technical education which is promised by the government, must also have an important bearing on the scientific development of elementary instruction. We await the results of the discussions that must ensue with the deepest interest.

From The Spectator.

THE CASHIERING OF THE TIN SOLDIER.

LET no one from henceforth accuse womankind of want of logic. The arguments propounded by the orators at the conference in London convened under the auspices of the Women's Committee of the International Arbitration and Peace Association, prove that if political economy has been relegated to Saturn, logic is safely domiciled in the planet Venus. What could be more relentless and irrefragable than the chain of reasoning which links together the following propositions? The family is the unit of the nation. The child is father to the man, and the man is the head of the family. Argal, the warlike child is the *teterrima causa*, the root of the whole evil. Could we but remove the baneful influences which familiarize children while yet in the nursery with scenes of bloodshed and cruelty, all might yet be well. Wherefore the first speaker suggested that mothers should "sedulously endeavor to instil peace principles

into the minds of their children, and refrain from giving them warlike toys." In this way much might be done towards the preservation of peace in the family; and "we must never forget that the family is the unit of the nation." Pacify the units, and you will pacify the aggregate. The whole affair lies in a nutshell. Following on the same lines, a subsequent speaker emphasized the necessity of going to the children, "the democracy of the future," and influencing them in favor of peace principles. In America, the pacification of the nursery seems to be a *fait accompli*, for an American lady who took part in the discussion declared—in proof of her assertion that peace principles had been practically adopted there—that although she had lived all her life in the United States, she was quite unable to describe the uniform of an American soldier, so rarely had she seen one. We hope we shall not be accused of an unchivalrous curiosity when we say that this ingenious declaration furnishes us with a *terminus a quo* to determine the age of the speaker. It is evident that her personal reminiscences cannot extend as far back as the close of that great civil war in which at least a million men were in arms. Miss Bowles may have rarely seen a uniform, but she can hardly have avoided encountering amongst her personal acquaintance a large number of individuals entitled, by courtesy or otherwise, to the appellation of "colonel"—a hateful survival of the anti-pacific epoch—for it is well known that in the United States everybody is either a judge or a colonel.

We have strayed, however, somewhat from the really important lesson to be derived from this debate,—to wit, that the destiny of mankind is determined by the character of his playthings in infancy. If the nefarious tin soldier, the pestilential popgun, and the detestable drum, are responsible for "the greatest of human villainies," as one of the other speakers reminded us that war had been aptly denominated, it is evident that a judicious choice of toys, and a resolute elimination of all those of an inflammatory character, must exert a most potent influence upon the preservation of peace in the family; and whatever happens, we must never forget that the family is the unit of the nation. It becomes obvious, again, that toy animals and dolls of all sorts are exceedingly dangerous things to let children play with. Dolls with squeaks, in particular, should be proscribed by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,

for a child who has been in the habit of violently compressing the stomach of his toy lamb to produce the desired sound, will, on reaching man's estate, be naturally inclined to abuse and maltreat all the live stock that comes in his way. Penny whistles will also be excluded by the censorship of toys, not because of their shrillness, but on account of their affinity to the bellicose fife. Toy railway trains, at first sight, seem unobjectionable; but the spectacle of their demolition may have given rise to that callousness which is said to reside in the hearts of many directors. If the upsetting of a toy locomotive were regarded as penal in the nursery, it is possible that fewer lives would be lost on our railways. The increase in jerry-built villas is similarly attributable to a marked deterioration in the solidity of the structure of dolls' houses; while the introduction of dolls stuffed with sawdust, which by their look and feel inevitably appealed to the disintegrating faculties of childhood, undoubtedly paved the way for the practice of vivisection. The articles hawked in the streets at the present day are of varying value from the educational point of view. The perambulating porter is admirable. Nothing could inculcate more eloquently the dignity of labor than the spectacle of this alert and vigorous figure briskly dragging his load without turning to the right or to the left. The waltzers, on the other hand, are deplorable, the combination—a soldier and a ballet-girl—being typical of brutal militarism and feminine giddiness.

The mere suppression of warlike toys, however, is not enough. It is only an episode in the campaign,—if the word campaign can be legitimately used in such a connection. An *index expurgatorius* will have to be drawn up of all the writers who have expended their energies in idealizing this military instinct in children. "Jackanapes," we fear, will be put on the black list, and "The Story of a Short Life" also. Indeed, Mrs. Ewing's works are tainted throughout with this heresy, and the mischief she has done to "the democracy of the future" by extolling the courtesies and charities of military life is terrible to contemplate. In "The Peace-Egg" we read of a small boy who used to distract his nurse by playing at soldiers in realistic fashion when he ought to have been in bed. He insists on being orderly officer, and on visiting the outposts—which consisted of waking up his small brothers and sisters—and greets her remonstrances with the calm rebuke that

she must not speak to a sentry on duty. Finally, he locks her into a bedroom, shouting, "You're under arrest," through the keyhole. "Let me out," shrieked Sarah. "I'll send a file of the guard to fetch you to the orderly-room by-and-by," said Robert, "for preferring frivolous complaints," and he departed to the farm-yard to look at the ducks." His father, however, proves a match for his insubordination, by condemning him to play at sentry duty all night in his dressing-room, with nothing better than a railway rug to sleep on. In our unregenerate days we laughed over this scene; but that was before our eyes were opened to the immorality of warlike toys, and the dangers of encouraging children to play with or at soldiers. Hans Andersen, again, is another sad offender, and yet we cannot quite eradicate a sneaking satisfaction that the tin soldier was not disestablished, so to speak, before literary immortality was conferred upon him. That justifies, if anything can justify, the affection — of course, purely aesthetic and platonic — which we still harbor towards this friend of our childhood.

If, in the face of so much stern logic, it were possible to advance any plea in behalf of retaining the tin soldier, we should be inclined to take up the following line of argument. Most children, especially boys, have a certain amount of savagery in them. Mrs. Ewing, at once the most faithful and loving chronicler of their ways and habits, bears testimony to this unwelcome fact. Now, it has always seemed to us that toys constitute an excellent safety-valve for these torturing and teasing instincts, as well as for that general tendency to snip, and whittle, and pull to pieces everything that comes in their way. Far better is it that they should mutilate their tin soldiers than that they should stone frogs, torture cats, and pull the wings off butterflies. Finally, in extenuation of the military instinct in children, we cannot do better than quote a favorite passage from "The Story of a Short Life," describing Leonard's first interview with the V.C.: "How do you do, V.C.? I am very glad to see you. I wanted to see you more than anything in the world. I hope you don't mind seeing me because I have been a coward, for I mean to be brave now; and that is why I wanted to see you so much, because you are such a very brave man. The reason I was a coward was partly with being so cross when my back hurts, but particularly with hitting Jemima with my crutches, for no one but a coward

strikes a woman. She trod on my dog's toes. This is my dog. Please pat him; he would like to be patted by a V.C. He is called 'the Sweep' because he is black. He lives with me all along. I *have* hit *him*, but I hope I shall not be naughty again any more. I wanted to grow up into a brave soldier, but I don't think, perhaps, that I ever can now; but mother says I can be a brave cripple. I would rather be a brave soldier, but I'm going to try to be a brave cripple."

Such a type as Leonard will doubtless be impossible in the "democracy of the future"; but shall we be the gainers by its elimination?

From The Athenæum.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S EARLIEST PUBLICATION.

Not one of the obituary notices of the late Mr. Matthew Arnold, not even the very full and valuable record of the *Times*, has, so far as I am aware, mentioned his earliest publication, or has even alluded to its existence. It may, therefore, be of some interest at the present moment to recall its name and nature. In the course of the present winter there came into my possession a pamphlet of verse published anonymously at Rugby in 1840 ("Alaric at Rome. A Prize Poem, recited in Rugby, June xii., MDCCCXL.") Rugby: Combe & Crossley, MDCCCXL., 8vo., pp. 11. On the cover was scrawled, in a schoolboy's hand, "By M. Arnold." As I could hear nothing of this from any bibliographer, and as the existence of such a poem appeared to be quite unknown, it seemed best to settle all doubts by an appeal to the putative author himself, from whose "own fair life," alas! we shall now win no more secrets. When next there happened an occasion to write, then, the question was asked; and on the 9th of February of this year the answer came: —

Yes! "Alaric at Rome" is my Rugby prize-poem, and I think it is better than my Oxford one, "Cromwell;" only you will see that I had been very much reading "Childe Harold."

The little book is certainly one of the greatest rarities of Victorian poetry, and it would be safe to conjecture that very few copies are in existence. There seems to be no example of it even in our national library. The terms in which Mr. Matthew Arnold expressed what I may almost term his confession of authorship are such that I do not think some account of the poem

is unfaithful to his memory. "Alaric at Rome" is not positively valuable, of course; but as the work of a boy of seventeen it is remarkably accomplished, the versification is correct and even vigorous, the thoughts are not unworthy of the subject, and what we miss is mainly the purity of style, the exquisite felicity of phrase, which did not arrive until five or six years later. It begins:—

Unwelcome shroud of the forgotten dead,
Oblivion's dreary fountain, where art thou?
Why speed'st thou not thy deathlike wave
to shed
O'er humbled pride and self-reproaching woe;
Or time's stern hand, why blots it not away
The saddening tale that tells of sorrow and decay?

The stanza, as will be observed, is the Spenserian with its fifth, sixth, and seventh lines omitted. It is true, as the poet says in his letter, that the influence of "Childe Harold" is very strong throughout, and, indeed, the whole of "Alaric at Rome" forms a valuable proof of the firm hold which Byron—a mind in all respects, one would have supposed, antipathetic to Matthew Arnold—retained through life upon the younger writer:—

Thy dead are kings, thy dust are palaces,
Relics of nations thy memorial stones;
And the dim glories of departed days
Fold like a shroud around thy withered bones;
And o'er thy towers the wind's half-uttered sigh
Whispers, in mournful tones, thy silent elegy.

Yes, in such eloquent silence didst thou lie
When the Goth stooped upon his stricken prey,
And the deep lines of an Italian sky
Flasht on the rude barbarian's wild array

While full and ceaseless as the ocean's roll,
Horde after horde streamed up thy frowning Capitol.

The reader will surely admit, with the poet himself, that these are finer lines than any in the better-known "Cromwell" of three years later. I am, perhaps, not justified in dwelling much longer on this very interesting little book, but the following stanzas seem to me to contain the germ of so much that is characteristic in the later Matthew Arnold, that I think I shall be pardoned for quoting them:—

Alas! that fiery spirit little knew
The change of life, the nothingness of power,
How both were hastening, as they flowered and grew
Nearer and hearer to their closing hour;

How every birth of time's miraculous womb
Swept over the withered leaves that hide the naked tomb.

One little year! that restless soul shall rest,
That frame of vigor shall be crumbling clay,

And tranquilly, above that troubled breast,
The sunny waters hold their joyous way;
And gently shall the murmuring ripples flow,
Nor wake the weary soul that slumbers on below.

Alas! far other thoughts might well be ours
And dash our holiest raptures while we gaze;

Energies wasted, unimprovèd hours,
The saddening visions of departed days;
And while they rise here might we stand alone,
And mingle with thy ruins somewhat of our own.

It is scarcely fanciful to see in these stanzas the ideas, the reflections, which afterwards, in fuller development, animated "Rugby Chapel," "Resignation," and "Palladium."

EDMUND GOSSE.

DR. JOHNSON AND OATS.—Has it been noted that his celebrated definition was suggested to him by Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy"? At p. 100, ed. 1826, we find:—

Bread that is made of baser grain, as pease, beans, oats, rye, or over-baked, crusty, and black, is often spoken against as causing melancholy juice and wind. John Mayor, in the first book of his "History of Scotland," contends much for the wholesomeness of oatmeal bread. It was objected to him then living at Paris in France, that his countrymen fed on

oats and base grain, as a disgrace; but he doth ingenuously confess, Scotland, Wales, and a third part of England did most part use that kind of bread; and that it was wholesome as any grain and yielded as good nourishment. And yet Wecker (out of Galen), calls it horse meat, and fitter for juments than men to feed on.

Johnson was a great admirer of Burton, saying his "Anatomy" was the only book that would keep him out of bed.

G. H. THOMPSON.
Notes and Queries.

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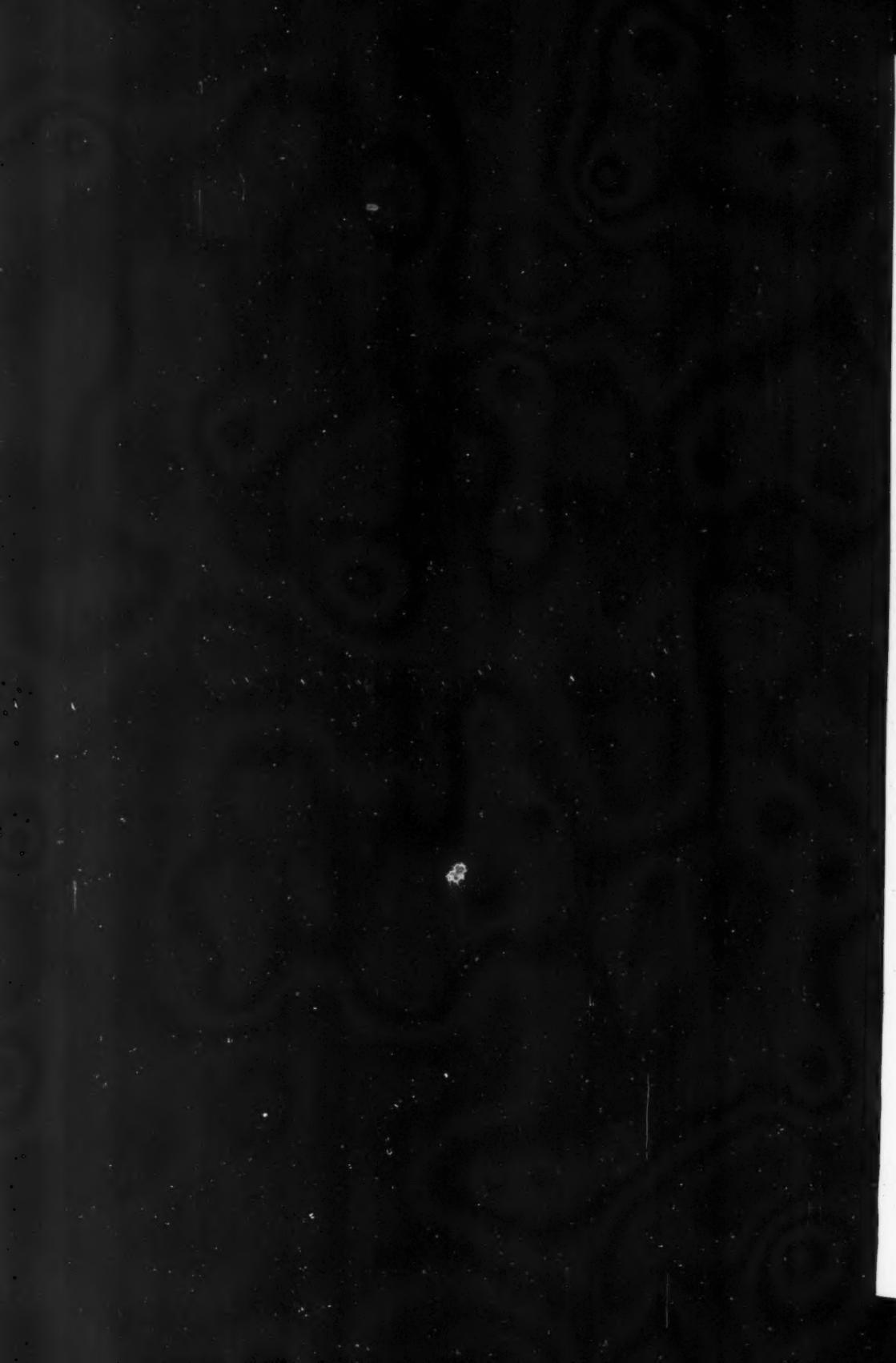
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